

**The Water=Colour  
Drawings of  
J.M.W. Turner R.A.  
in the  
National Gallery**

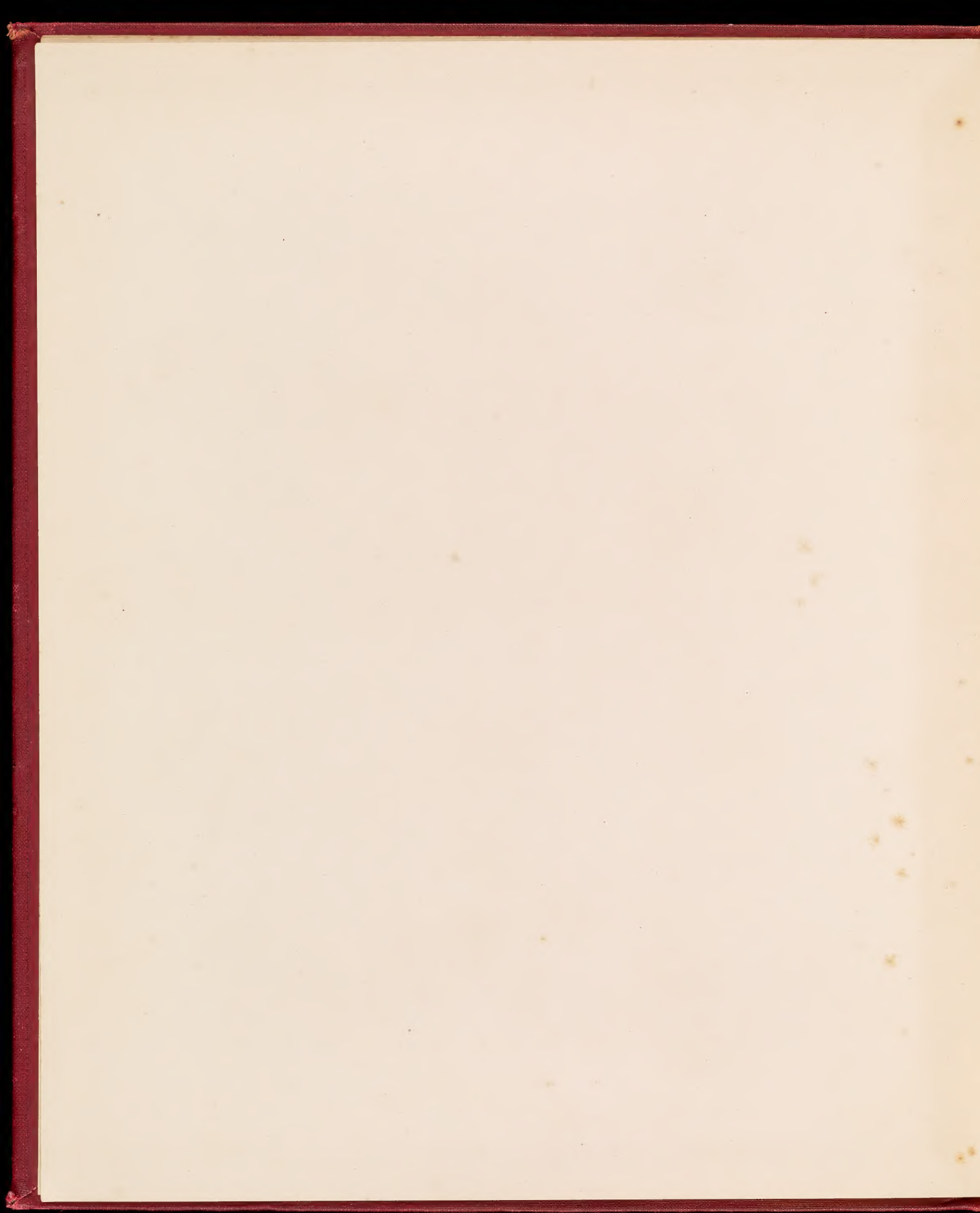




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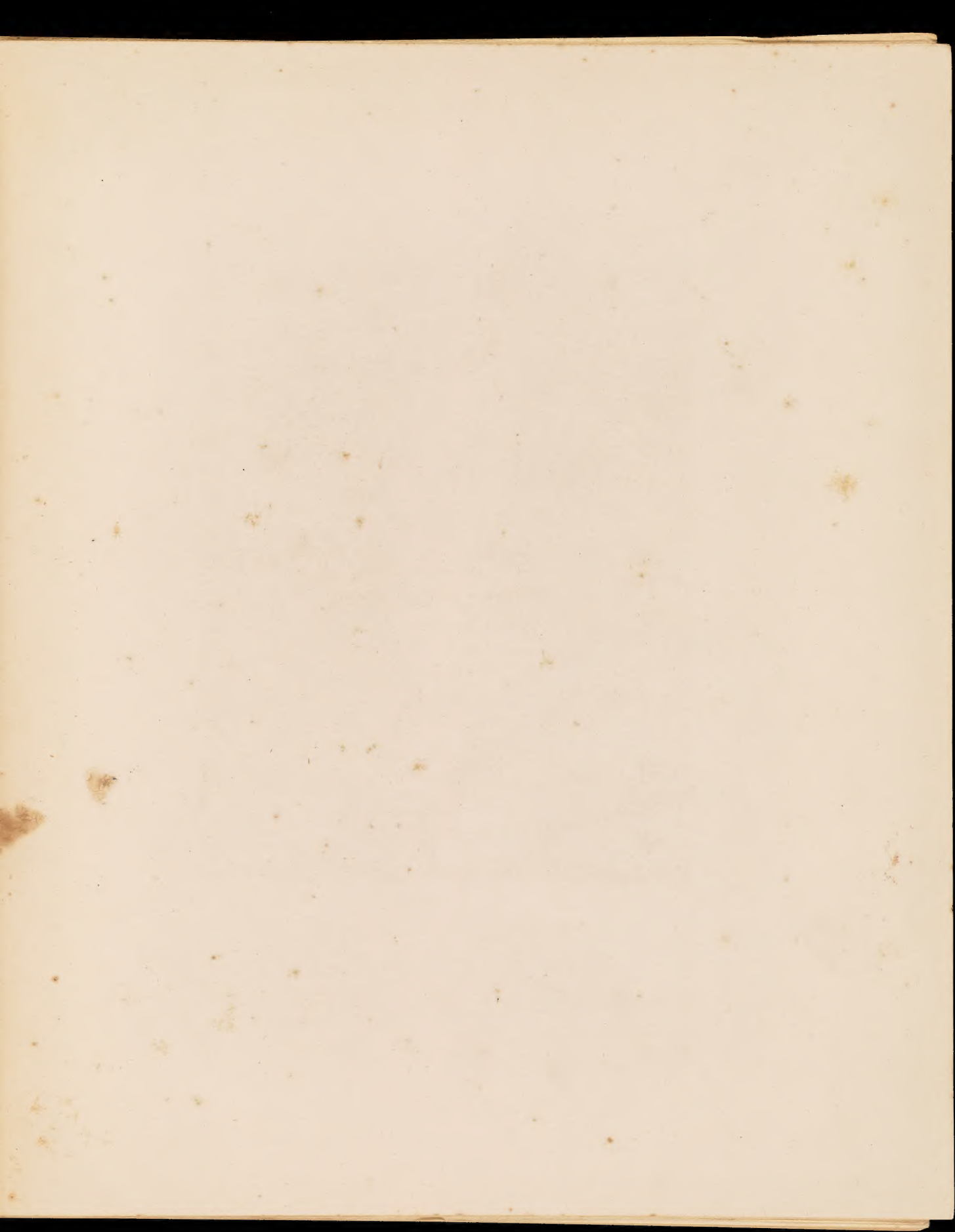


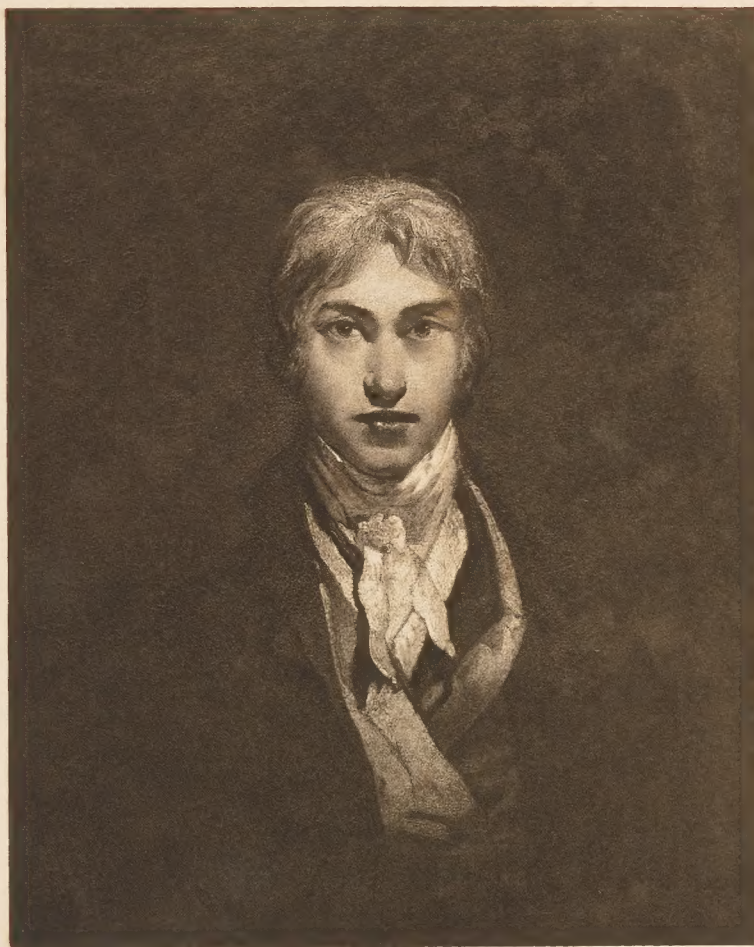
THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF  
J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.,  
IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



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of which this is No.  $\frac{2}{17}$ .....*







*John Keats*

FROM THE PAINTING BY HIMSELF  
IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



The Water-Colour Drawings  
OF  
**J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.**  
In the National Gallery

*A Selection of Fifty-Eight Subjects reproduced in Colour, comprising—*

Harbours of England  
Rivers of England  
Rivers of France: The Seine

*WITH DESCRIPTIVE TEXT*

BY

**THEODORE ANDREA COOK, M.A., F.S.A.**

CASELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED  
LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK AND MELBOURNE

MCMIV

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## LIST OF COLOUR PLATES.

| TITLE.                                     | NO. IN NATIONAL GALLERY. |
|--|--------------------------|
| HARBOURS OF ENGLAND (NINE).                |                          |
| 1.—PORTSMOUTH . . . . .                    | 379                      |
| 2.—SHEERNESS . . . . .                     | 380                      |
| 3.—DOVER . . . . .                         | 418                      |
| 4.—THE MEDWAY . . . . .                    | 376                      |
| 5.—RAMSGATE . . . . .                      | 377                      |
| 6.—THE HUMBER . . . . .                    | 378                      |
| 7.—NORTH SHIELDS . . . . .                 | 419                      |
| 8.—WHITBY . . . . .                        | 170                      |
| 9.—SCARBOROUGH . . . . .                   | 169                      |
| RIVERS OF ENGLAND (FOURTEEN).              |                          |
| 10.—ROCHESTER . . . . .                    | 420                      |
| 11.—STANGATE CREEK . . . . .               | 161                      |
| 12.—TOTNES . . . . .                       | 162                      |
| 13.—DARTMOUTH . . . . .                    | 163                      |
| 14.—DARTMOUTH CASTLE . . . . .             | 164                      |
| 15.—OKEHAMPTON CASTLE . . . . .            | 165                      |
| 16.—ARUNDEL CASTLE . . . . .               | 166                      |
| 17.—ARUNDEL PARK . . . . .                 | 167                      |
| 18.—MORE PARK . . . . .                    | 168                      |
| 19.—KIRKSTALL ABBEY . . . . .              | 173                      |
| 20.—KIRKSTALL LOCK . . . . .               | 172                      |
| 21.—BROUGHAM CASTLE . . . . .              | 174                      |
| 22.—NEWCASTLE . . . . .                    | 171                      |
| 23.—NORHAM CASTLE . . . . .                | 175                      |
| RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE (THIRTY-FIVE). |                          |
| 24.—LIGHT-TOWERS OF THE HÈVE . . . . .     | 160                      |
| 25.—TOWER OF FRANCIS I. AT HAVRE . . . . . | 158                      |

| TITLE.  | NO. IN NATIONAL GALLERY. |
|---|--------------------------|
| THE SEINE ( <i>continued</i> ).   |                          |
| 26.—SUNSET IN THE PORT OF HAVRE . . . . .                                 | 157                      |
| 27.—HARFLEUR . . . . .  | 126                      |
| 28.—HONFLEUR . . . . .  | 159                      |
| 29.—QUILLEBŒUF: THE TIDAL WAVE . . . . .                                  | 127                      |
| 30.—LILLEBONNE . . . . .  | 134                      |
| 31.—ROMAN THEATRE AT LILLEBONNE . . . . .                                 | 135                      |
| 32.—THE SEINE BETWEEN TANCARVILLE AND QUILLEBŒUF . . . . .                | 154                      |
| 33.—THE CASTLE OF TANCARVILLE . . . . .                                   | 152                      |
| 34.—STEAM-TUG COMING DOWN FROM VILLEQUIER TO QUILLEBŒUF . . . . .         | 128                      |
| 35.—CAUDEBEC . . . . .  | 129                      |
| 36.—JUMIÈGES . . . . .  | 155                      |
| 37.—LA CHAISE DE GARGANTUA, NEAR DUCLAIR . . . . .                        | 130                      |
| 38.—ROUEN: LOOKING UP STREAM . . . . .                                    | 131                      |
| 39.—ROUEN CATHEDRAL, WEST FRONT . . . . .                                 | 133                      |
| 40.—ROUEN FROM ST. SEVER: LOOKING DOWN STREAM . . . . .                   | 132                      |
| 41.—PONT DE L'ARCHE . . . . .   | 136                      |
| 42.—THE BEND OF THE SEINE AT LES ANDELYS, FROM CHÂTEAU GAILLARD . . . . . | 137                      |
| 43.—VERNON . . . . .  | 153                      |
| 44.—THE POST ROAD FROM VERNON TO MANTES . . . . .                         | 138                      |
| 45.—MANTES . . . . .  | 139                      |
| 46.—THE BRIDGE OF MEULAN . . . . .  | 140                      |
| 47.—THE SEINE FROM THE TERRACE OF ST. GERMAIN . . . . .                   | 146                      |
| 48.—ST. DENIS . . . . .   | 145                      |
| 49.—THE LANTERN OF ST. CLOUD . . . . .                                    | 156                      |
| 50.—THE BRIDGES OF SÈVRES AND ST. CLOUD . . . . .                         | 147                      |
| 51.—THE BRIDGE OF ST. CLOUD FROM SÈVRES . . . . .                         | 148                      |
| 52.—PARIS FROM THE BARRIER OF PASSY . . . . .                             | 141                      |
| 53.—THE PONT NEUF, PARIS . . . . .  | 142                      |
| 54.—THE "POMPE" AND THE OLD HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS . . . . .               | 143                      |
| 55.—THE FLOWER MARKET, PARIS . . . . .                                    | 144                      |
| 56.—MELUN . . . . .   | 149                      |
| 57.—TROYES . . . . .  | 150                      |
| 58.—CHÂTEAU GAILLARD FROM THE FERRY OF PETIT ANDELYS . . . . .            | 151                      |



# THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

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THE examples of Turner's water-colour painting which are reproduced in this volume are given in a form which has never been possible before. With the process of colour-printing by

**FOREWORD.** photography I am not competent to deal. But

I have watched its progress in this case from the initial stages to its final results; and if mechanical accuracy, assisted and improved by skilfully delicate and reverentially careful handiwork, can ever bring us satisfaction, it will, I think, be found that no more satisfactorily faithful reproductions of Turner's actual line and colour have ever been put before the public. These magnificent drawings have hitherto only been known to the art lover at home in the form of engravings. How much they have lost by this, the pictures which follow are the best proof. I have pointed out a few concrete instances in which the gain to the student is particularly clear; and it is chiefly to the lover of art, and of landscape art in water-colour, that my own modest contribution is addressed. Only a few preliminary explanations and acknowledgments are needed.

The portrait on the frontispiece is that numbered 458 in the room devoted to Turner's oil-paintings in the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. It was painted by the artist probably in the year 1802, when he was twenty-seven.

In the text I have reproduced Lupton's engraving of Turner's "Dover," two original sketches by Leonardo da Vinci, and an original

sketch by Turner from the second of the rooms devoted to his drawings in the basement of the National Gallery.

It should be carefully borne in mind that the numbered references given to Turner's water-colour drawings and sketches of the harbours and rivers of England, and of the River Seine, refer only to these rooms in the basement of the National Gallery, and must not be confused with his oil-paintings in the room above. I have given reasons in the text for the slight re-arrangement of these drawings both in order and in titles, which has been necessary for the convenience of readers of this book. The table given in the list of illustrations will enable them to find any subject with which they may have been previously familiar, either in these pages or in the National Gallery. The reproductions have in every case been mounted in the same tones of colour as were chosen by Ruskin for the originals.

It will not perhaps be considered necessary that I should lend too much importance to what is merely an introductory essay on a portion of a very extensive subject, by enlarging upon my authorities and other sources of information. But I should not wish to forego the pleasure of acknowledging my debts to greater predecessors. The names of Turner and of Ruskin will ever be inseparably connected. No writer on the one can ever forget the other. No artist has ever enjoyed the privilege of so brilliant and so eloquent an advocate. For many years after that passionate voice was stilled all Turner's art seemed visible only through the prismatic mist created by its rhetoric. Some things which Ruskin said will never die. In others he has been superseded by the lapse of time, by the increase of knowledge, by the changes in our point of view. In these directions only has he been superseded here. Among those to whom I owe most of what is right in the facts of this essay, I may name Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Cosmo Monkhouse, Fernand Le Vieux, E. F. Fenellosa, Sir Montagu Pollock, author of "Light and Water," Arthur Morrison, Laurence Binyon, C. F. Bell, C. J. Holmes, E. T. Cook, and the authors of the catalogues sold in the National Gallery. In matters of opinion my task is more delicate. For many years the problems involved in the definition of Beauty and of Art



have occupied my leisure. In a little study of Leonardo da Vinci (called "Spirals in Nature and Art") I had begun to suggest the theory put forward in these pages. I then read those lucid expositions, which have added so much to the value of modern criticism, from the pen of Sir Walter Armstrong. I discovered that some of my vague opinions were not merely corroborated, but independently anticipated, and announced in phrases of such firm conviction that I have occasionally found it impossible to alter Sir Walter's expression of the ideas we share in common. I feel that this slight explanation is due both to his great authority and to the indulgence of my readers, for though no one but myself is responsible for the development of the theory contained in the first section of this essay, it would probably not have appeared in its present form had it not been for the effect created in my mind by what he has already published.

The great care bestowed by Mr. Edwin Bale, R.I., upon the production of this volume should also be acknowledged, more especially in connection with the preparation and printing of the coloured plates. Their excellence is entirely due to his sympathy with their subject and his technical knowledge of the process by which they were produced. For the facilities granted for securing the accurate reproduction of the originals the publishers are greatly indebted to the courtesy of the authorities at the National Gallery and to the Curator of the Water-Colour Rooms.

I have thought it right to begin this Essay by stating the theories of Beauty and Art by which my steps have throughout been guided, and then to trace the development of Landscape Painting from what is known of its origins to the point where Turner found it. In this way my readers may be better prepared to realise what Turner did; what manner of man he was; and what were the particular contributions he made to Art in the pictures reproduced in this volume.

T. A. C.

## I.

THE picture of a landscape, painted either in water-colours or in oils, is a comparatively recent product in the history of Art. Though landscape was loved, and painted, for its own sake at a far earlier period in the development of civilisation than has usually been admitted, the Western Hemisphere has scarcely known it for five hundred years, and our own country can as yet hardly count up two and a half centuries of real acquaintance with it. Compared with sculpture, therefore, it is but a child. Compared with that branch of painting which chiefly concerns itself with the human figure, and with direct personal interests, the landscape Art of Western Europe might be considered to be merely a precocious youth. Yet its development by Western artists was, after a certain point had been reached, extraordinarily rapid. Its appeal has never been made in vain, though varying fashions of thought and varying modes of life have constantly been changing the forms in which it has been presented. For the sake of convenience in catalogues, it has been labelled with a separate name; but the particular choice of subject to which that name is due cannot be considered as an essential and singular characteristic—for landscape painting is necessarily an attempt to create beauty, to choose certain elements for the purpose of that creation, and to fuse them into something new. That attempt is the aim of all Art, rightly so called; and it will be convenient at once to come to some understanding as to what may be defined as Art.

A definition must not only exclude; it must be wide enough to include all forms which can be classed under the one main heading. The former may perhaps be easy. The latter has proved a stumbling block ever since Art was written about at all. We can no longer be contented with what the eighteenth or the sixteenth century accepted, or even the first decades of the nineteenth. If our know-

ledge is not more exact, at any rate our horizon is larger. What Galileo and Newton did for Space, the biological followers of Darwin have done for Time and Life. We can, therefore, approach the present inquiry, not with less modesty, but with less excuse for prejudice, than many of our greater predecessors.

Man, then, as we have been taught to know him, is the highest feat of Nature's production in the world we know; and in the scale of living things he has reached his present stage of pre-eminence by processes of selection and survival extending far back beyond the dawn of what we call humanity, and reaching through all the morning of his conscious strength on earth towards the noon-day of his growing powers. The traces of that process are compounded with man's being. He is what he is because of it. He feels, and thinks, and lives as the organic, sentient unity which is its result; so it is natural that we should consider a perfect work of Art to be the highest feat of which he is capable, for such a work of Art will be a creation as perfect, as organic, as himself; it will be as much a supreme proof of the perfection of his faculties as he himself is the supreme proof of Nature's gradual evolution; and he is confident that every comrade of like mould with himself will acknowledge this for the same deep, essential reasons.

Art, therefore, differs in this from Nature; that man accepts Nature as his elemental environment, whereas he welcomes Art as his own creation. Science differs also from Art in that it collects facts and observes resemblances, whereas Art takes a further step, which is beyond knowledge and yet based on knowledge, which is the result of creative imagination, and which is more concerned with differences than with resemblances. The laborious collection of facts alone is powerless. Neither a Grammar nor a Dictionary can be described as Literature. The work of the photographer is not Art. So the creative imagination of the artist is no more concerned with facts alone than it is with fancies only; it deals with the material of scientific knowledge, and with the causes that underlie phenomena, in order to evolve new combinations of its own.

But in the Palace of Art are many mansions. We are here chiefly concerned with only one of them. Yet it is necessary to



be assured that our definition of this one will equally apply to all; and, to perceive this, we must go a little farther in our quest, and ask how the artist makes his appeal. If we are right in what has just been said, all forms of true Art will be found to contain certain common elements by virtue of which this appeal is made, and those elements will be intimately connected not only with the artist and with his spectator, but with that whole life-story in which they are each a living fragment. The means by which man has been developed are his five senses. When little better than the animal, he was entirely dependent on his Sight, his Smell, his Touch, his Hearing. By the constant use of these, by their interaction and their interdependence, by the messages they conveyed to his brain, by the instinctive reasoning they aroused, he not only slowly improved his bodily condition—he slowly improved his mental powers as well. The process continued with a greater complexity in every generation, but the elemental sources of that process never varied in kind, however much they differed in degree. That process is, of course, still at work, and though inexpressibly complicated by modern conditions and developments, it still bases its final foundations on the same ancient and necessary relation between the senses of man and the phenomena of the world in which he lives. It is therefore evident that any fundamental appeal to human nature must be based on that relation; and upon it is based the appeal of all true Art. Something of this Albrecht Dürer may have realised when he wrote, in his "Banquet for Young Painters," that "the Art of Painting is made for the eyes, for the Sight is the noblest sense of man."

It is in Music that these fundamental possibilities become most clear, for the contribution of Art through the sense of Sound is very readily acknowledged, and Walter Pater saw that "Music is the true type and measure of perfect Art," though he used the analogy to argue for a different purpose. Let us be content for the present to observe that of all those channels through which Nature has always appealed to the senses, that of Hearing retains most of its primitive keenness, and brings with least confusion its messages of ancestral, vital import.

We cannot now stop where Dürer's knowledge stopped in his inquiry. For us to say that the Art of Painting appeals only to the

sense of Sight is in these days merely to evade the difficulty. A picture is in itself a thing which needs definition. A certain amount of coloured surface enclosed within a frame is commonly used as the decoration for the inside wall of an inhabited room. If that coloured surface is a real work of Art, it will fulfil certain qualifications, however complicated they may be by questions of imitation or presentment. Not only, if a portrait, will it condense the history of generations into the individual character of the model; not only, if a landscape, will it confine miles of air and earth and water into the limits of a scrap of paper or a yard of canvas. More than this. It will exhibit a coherent, organic unity in the particular creation of Beauty chosen by its maker. It will influence us by means of the fact that everything perceptible by our senses has an intrinsic power of conveying an emotion to us which is absolutely distinct from the subject chosen by the painter; from any association of ideas; from any "story" which a picture "tells"; from any questions of religion, of morals, or of intellect; from any dexterity in execution, or acrobatics in technique—for all these things are but as English grammar to a Lyric Poem, as an Encyclopædia to Shakespeare.

By this road, therefore, we may be led to some understanding of what Beauty is. Again and again the search for the subtle and elusive causes of Beauty has been taken up. Men so different as Hume, Bernouilli, Burke, Winckelmann, Hogarth, have been attracted by it. Some artists who have announced their theory have only proved that the capacity to create does not involve a capacity for analysis. When the scientific investigator attempts to express Beauty in terms of measurement, he is only brought to the same stopping-place as that which faces him when he tries to define a living thing in terms of mathematics. In both there comes a point at which his knowledge of the involved factors ceases. Those laws which in the inorganic world express the constancy of matter, of motion, and of energy may be fundamental as far as they go; but there is a transformation of energy involved by the operations of the brain and will, which is beyond all formulas. As our mental experience convinces us that we have freedom of choice, we are obliged to believe

that in mind there is a territory which the physicist can never annex. It is the same in Art. In other words, the baffling factor in organic objects is their life, their natural growth. The baffling factor in a masterpiece of creative Art is its Beauty—a quality as essential and as intangible as life; a quality which depends no more than do life or growth upon exact copying, but upon those subtle variations to which the scheme of creation, as we know it, owes those great laws of the origin of species and the survival of the fittest. Though we cannot put our finger upon any one thing and say that “this is Beauty,” yet we can see that something is beautiful, and we admit this because we recognise a language that has been slowly elaborated between man and Nature in the long ages of our evolution upon earth. That language is the appeal to the senses already described.

The slow course of our long racial development has necessitated many conscious preferences. We are, indeed, more certain of our power of choice and of responsibility than of any other fact, physical or psychical; and it would be a true distinction between the living being and the non-living system to say that while the latter depends wholly on its past, the former lives by trying to realise its future. Recognising that the surrounding world must minister to our needs, and that only by the direct contact of our senses could we select from its multifarious phenomena exactly what we wanted, we slowly moved along a line in which travel became more and more easy as experience accumulated; and impressions became more and more fixed as their truth was proved again and again to be correct. Among these impressions that class which included the finding of something fit or useful for our purpose naturally was the more pleasing; and by degrees we attached a certain quality or epithet to this comparatively small class of objects. “Utility,” wrote Dürer in the fragmentary essay already quoted, “Utility is a part of Beauty, and what is not useful for a man is not beautiful.” Only “*a part*,” it must be noticed. Something more is needed for a full definition. By degrees we grew to love what was relatively an even smaller class still, not only because these things proved to be useful, but because they looked useful also; because the first appeal they made to our senses was justified by our experience. Something, in fact,



that was not merely fitness, but "*Fitness expressed*," was man's first idea of what was "Beautiful."

It will be found that this definition holds as good to-day as it held true in days when Art and Literature and Philosophy were alike unborn; and the strength of the appeal of the beautiful to modern man is in the exact ratio of his correspondence with his environment, of his aptitude for the appreciation of ancestral natural lessons, of the physical development of his whole conscious living organism. Conversely, the creator of the Beautiful, the artist, fundamentally depends for his influence over his spectator either upon the health and strength of his own senses, or upon his fervid realisation of what sound senses must imply. There are instances of both kinds of power in every form of Art; but unless the principle on which each is based exists, Art is impossible—for Art, though it may exist in all human handiwork, can exist in nothing else. Man, therefore, owing his development to the intimate, essential relation between his senses and the phenomena of Nature which are perceived by them, realised the innate power of a direct appeal in that relation. When Nature showed that power to express the fitness of her works for the use of man, he appreciated the existence of Beauty. When in his turn he used the same power to give organic harmony and balance to his own creations, he brought into existence Art, in which "accident" is as impossible an explanation as it would be in life or growth, for the beholder sees, and realises, the declaration of the artist's passion and desire, the masculine effort of the maker. So the idea of Beauty was first objective and then subjective. In the beginning man recognised it among his natural surroundings: in the orange or the pomegranate that promised sweetness in every coloured curve; in the horse that showed strength and courage in every line of bone and muscle; in the woman whose graceful body expressed its fitness for the mother and the mate. As his own powers developed, man welcomed it even more warmly in his Art; for he used materials and instruments which everyone who saw could understand, and with them he made something new, something that had never before existed—the Beauty that was born of his own heart and brain, the perfect fruit of life's most perfect flower.

Some few principles follow immediately from this. Art has evidently nothing whatever to do with mere illusion. It does not reproduce Beauty; it adds to our stock of Beauty without duplicating any portion of it; for the artist perceives the laws by which Nature works, and after long gathering of his facts, remoulds them into something new. This is why all the greatest artists have exhibited intense industry in amassing their material, combined with a free use of detail and a large conception of design. Turner once described his experiences of a storm: "I got the sailors to lash me to the mast to observe it. I was lashed for four hours, and I did not expect to escape; but I felt bound to record it if I did." He worked as hard as did Leonardo da Vinci in finding out his facts. Both did so not for the sake of the facts themselves, not to be able to reproduce them exactly, but to appreciate the laws they exemplified, and to work in the knowledge of those laws. It was thus that Turner understood the principles of construction, and used them in his compositions, forging the lines of Nature into the proportions of his Art, or, rather, giving his own creations the vitality of natural growth. Thus he realised the sculpturesque anatomy of mountains, trees, and waves, as Rembrandt understood the essential framework of his men and women; and therefore there is the rhythm of the tides in the welter of his angry seas, coiling, majestic, elemental; a command of natural forms, a realisation of vaporous mystery, an architecture in his massy clouds; the poetic expanse of atmosphere in his distances.

The Art of a Turner or a Leonardo deals with that perfect Beauty which, like natural growth, implies irregular and subtle variations; and their best work is the healthy manifestation of a strong and perfect human organism of the mixture and equipoise of the highest constituents in the faculties of man. It is significant, in this connection, that Turner, ugly as he was in later life, had eyes of extraordinary excellence; legs as strong as a horse's; a hand delicate enough to do work like miniature painting, and so steady that he needed no mahl-stick; a general health so sound that all extremes of living were alike to him; and nerves so balanced that a battery of 24-pounders on Mount Edgcumbe did not disturb him when it

was fired only five feet above his head. Something of this physical excellence may be traced in the portrait I have here reproduced; something of his virility; of his sane, laborious industry; of his sheer creative force. "No one would believe, upon seeing my likeness, that I painted those pictures," he said once. But his contemporaries were not so shortsighted. Constable, the artist, sat next to him at dinner in 1813, and wrote to a friend: "I always expected to find him what I did. He has a wonderful range of mind." I am well aware that the opinions here expressed concerning the true artistic temperament involve a disbelief in any suggestion that "genius" can be explained in the terms of an unbalanced mind. The best and highest Art must, in my opinion, be the product of the best and highest development of the human species. To say that it is near allied to madness, because some of the great exponents of various forms of Art have lost their mental equilibrium before their death, appears to me as futile a contention as to argue that it is necessarily accompanied by physical weakness because some great creators have been practically crippled by bodily disease. The truth is that the artist, in both cases, has triumphed over the accidents of mortality, and conquered his position by his intense inward realisation of those outward attributes of whose loss he is so conscious; for the essence of artistic creation is rather spiritual than material, though the power of the artistic appeal may, as we have seen, depend ultimately upon fundamentally material origins. When the balance has been destroyed between the sane mind and the sane body, it is not that artistic perception or the possibilities of artistic creation disappear, but that the channels through which they can appeal from their creator to ourselves have become blocked. The best artists of all time have known this danger, as well as they knew their own powers. Some may indeed have fallen, but not the greatest, for Shakespeare,

" . . . Acquainted well with every tone  
Of madness whining in his shroudage slender  
From storm and mutiny emerged alone  
Self-righted from the dreadful self-surrender.

Rich from the isles where sojourn long is death  
Won back to cool Thames and Elizabeth,



Sea-weary; yes, but human still, and whole—  
A circumnavigator of the soul."

So, too, Titian—perhaps the greatest painter who has ever lived—was in his ninety-ninth year when he was carried off by the plague, and may be said to have died with his pencil in his hand.

To the complete man, to the true artist, nothing is dumb. Everything he sees is eloquent and full of meaning. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his Handiwork. One day telleth another, and one night certifieth another. There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them. Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words into the end of the world." This "language" of Nature it is that, as we have seen, has not only developed man, but given him in turn the power of creating fresh images of Beauty by the use of elements mankind can understand. Yet it is not by their knowledge of Nature that we can compare one artist with another, by their accuracy in reproducing it, by the anatomy of the skeleton. These are but their tools. For Art is concerned rather with the spiritual than the material; and therefore Art is ever young and new, for it depends on the personality of every artist, on his own interpretation of "those large secrets of the universe which escape the narrow definitions of logic and of language." Fire and hail, snow and vapours, mountains and all hills; the heavens that are a tabernacle for the sun, "which goeth forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course"; these things he sees with other eyes than ours; with a quicker perception of that intimate, far-off progression of the race throughout the ages; and he can therefore reproduce the effect they make upon him in terms which we, too, can read and understand. Nature, "that universal and publick manuscript that lies expans'd unto the eyes of all," is to him an easy book. For him the little hills rejoice on every side, the valleys also, standing thick with corn, do laugh and sing; and for him deep calleth unto deep when the storm-wind thunders on the surges of the sea. He hears the messages of sky and ocean to which our ears are dulled; or listens to the voices of the forest-trees at evening,

" . . . Each to the other bending, beckoning, signing,  
As in some monstrous market place  
They pass the news, these Gossips of the Prime,  
In that old speech their forefathers  
Learned on the lawns of Eden. . . ."

It is with these meanings that the words "Art" and "Beauty" will be used in the following pages. Whether the definition of them here suggested, and corroborated elsewhere, be right or wrong, it will be found that it answers the various questions which are raised by those landscapes of Turner which are here reproduced. Only a few more words are needed before we can turn to the definite evolution of that form of Art of which they are among the best examples.

In the imagination of a painter there may be considered to be two main constituents—First, the memory of the "imago," the subject that attracted him, which he may or may not further fix either by rapid sketches on the spot, as Turner did, or by prolonged studies, as was Leonardo's way. Secondly, the creative power of fusing various "imagines" into new combinations of pictorial value, under the laws of composition which appeal to him. The fact that the man whose "imagination" we are considering is "a painter," presupposes the possession of the talents that enable him to represent intelligibly the various "imagines" with which he has to deal. It will further assist our inquiry into this special form of imagination if we consider for a moment the differences in imagination exhibited by those who have displayed a different form of Art.

Julius Caesar, for example, wrote descriptions of warfare which show that all his imagination presented to him, as he wrote, was a given force opposed to another given force under given military conditions. Homer and Virgil, on the other hand, were impelled by their imagination to describe hosts of living men in deadly combat; earth, air, and sea quivering with the sympathetic shock; the gods and goddesses and lesser hosts of the immortals all aflame with equal ardour; Nature herself, personified in endless mythological fancies, groaning and travailing around the hero's strife. Clearly, the difference lies in the emotion roused in each narrator by the events he

chooses as his subject. Again, it may be said that the great chess-player, or even the "lightning calculator," exercises first the memory of the "imago"; and, second, the power of fusing these various "imagines" into new combinations. Yet their imagination is not creative, as is the artist's, for their memory deals but with symbols and with results which were implicit in those symbols before the rearrangement of the chess problem, or the addition of the rows of figures, was completed. The process is merely mechanical. Thought does, indeed, enter into it, but not emotion.

Again, it may be argued that creative imagination is exhibited by such brilliant men of science as Clifford on the one hand, or Darwin and Huxley on the other, whose very production of a great hypothesis may itself be called a triumph of creative Art. Yet this is not so, any more than the research of the mechanical inventor, which results in his discovery, can be called artistic. For all these are moved either by the desire for practical efficiency or by the love of scientific truth. Their personality is, of their own will, excluded. Their outlook and their work are voluntarily and necessarily detached. If they were painters, they might make such copies as have never been made before; but they would thereby create nothing beautiful; they would add nothing to our stock of pre-existent beauty.

The painter, therefore, exercises a faculty of creative imagination which is different from any of these, in that he enjoys a special sensibility on his side, and that we feel and appreciate his emotion on ours. Naturally, he must keep that emotion under control. When once a painter forgets that he is painting what other men will see, he loses the elements of his Art. An actor who would so forget his Art as to be really angry on the stage, would so stutter and confuse his words that no effect of rage would be produced upon the audience. They would but ask what he was doing. So the artist, filled as he must be with a noble passion, does not forget that his true business is to represent that passion intelligibly to the spectator of his picture, even though he realises that it is the existence of his emotion which makes his work valuable and effective. This is why his work appeals to us. We realise what he felt. We



see for ourselves that mood in Nature which aroused his sensibility. We look once more on unconsidered, daily objects, and find them transfigured by the influence of his personality, transmuted from base metal into purest gold by the strange alchemy of Art. This, too, is the reason why in one form of Art we can constantly enjoy reading various histories of the same period, because each one appeals to us as the personal expression of the historian's individuality; heroes become villains, villains become nonentities; a whole unknown and hitherto unexplained tract of time becomes illuminated by a sudden flash of insight. In just the same way we can enjoy countless pictures of the same place, the same phase of landscape, the same effects of light and shade; and we can follow with delighted interest the experiments of Art from the pastorals of Cuyp to the mythologies of Claude or Poussin; from the delicate eccentricities of Hokusai or Hiroshige to the nocturnes and symphonies of Whistler; from the pre-Raphaelites to Velasquez. For we recognise that a single picture of a given landscape can never be judged as a work of Art by collating its details with those exhibited by any real place which happens to have suggested the title on the frame; and we admit that, whatever may be the ideals of expression held at various periods, all great and good Art has invariably aimed at the revelation of Beauty, and that the quality of that revelation depends on the appeal made to us by the personality and character of the artist. No painting can produce, or is intended to produce, in the beholder sensations identical with those he would experience before the actual facts it represents; but a painting can, and must, reproduce in the beholder the sensations produced in the artist by these facts. So the method may be described as first, the artist receiving a true impression of a landscape (for instance) which he cannot lose; and, secondly, the spectator appreciating that impression as it has been reproduced in the picture. This is why Turner said, "You must paint your impressions." He realised that a landscape-painter is powerless if he does not evoke sympathy with his own mood, and this is why his Art is great. Without it no amount of work or knowledge would have sufficed.

The artist, therefore, paints what he likes, and selects what he

thinks proper, being guided by a passionate imagination which gains in organic unity far more than it can ever lose in detail. Sometimes the one may seem definitely to obscure the other. Girtin and David Cox, for instance, not only "forgot" what did not interest them, what they did not consider essential; they left sheer spaces in their pictures in order that attention might not be detracted from the one central idea. On the other hand, a preference for certain details may seem to give them undue prominence. This is especially the case, sometimes, with Turner's architecture. He enjoyed, for instance, the effect of the half-cylinders of stone on the Pont Neuf in Paris (see Plate 53). So he painted these bartisans no less than three times their real height and breadth because they pleased him. In other instances, again, he enjoyed the general effect of architectural detail, and reproduced in his painting exactly that effect as it had appealed to him. Here he has suffered sadly from his engravers; and here he is for once done something near to justice in the reproductions that are published with these pages. The line-engraver, great as his merits were, was often compelled by the very necessities of his medium to be precise where the painter could be vague. Sometimes, however, he deliberately "filled in" either from his own invention or from an unfortunately industrious copying on the spot depicted. Unluckily, it is the former which is chiefly conspicuous in the contemporary engravings of Turner's work. There are other faults in them which will be noticed in their place. But the modern reader may be at once congratulated that a combination of scientific inventions with skilled handiwork has at length enabled him to possess, in his own home, the closest reproductions ever made of water-colour paintings in the National Gallery, many of which necessarily repose in closed cabinets for by far the larger part of their existence.

Here, then, we have at length arrived at some definite idea of what a picture should be. We acknowledge that what man most admires in the handiwork of man is evidence of the creative faculty, and that this faculty will appeal to us more than the most lavish display of merely intellectual manipulation; more than any pleasure in mere restraint for its own sake; more than any "sympathetic" trick, which produces painted anecdotes, or painted pathos, masquerading as a work

of Art. We have agreed, too, that a good picture makes its appeal to us by colour, by light and shadow, by outline, and by tone; by those original conduits between Nature and our senses which are co-existent with our life on earth, and are the cause of our development. We can see, further, a little closer into the secrets of that greatest Art which imitates the greatest models with a difference that reveals the strength and personality of the designer; which discards the trivial and preserves the essential; which can unite design with fact, and originality with truthfulness; which loves knowledge much, and is therefore unafraid of novelty.

## II.

If we accept the convenient division of painting into Figure-painting and Landscape-painting, it will need very little consideration to realise that the branch of the art which concerns itself

### LANDSCAPE IN ART.

primarily with the human figure, and with the directly personal interests that can thereby be expressed, had very naturally a prior origin. Man had to learn to know himself before he could either know anything of Nature's laws, or even reach a real appreciation of the causation of her various phenomena. His study of Nature in her direct influences upon his personal well-being left, as has been said, indelible traces upon his essential human fibre. But while that study was in ardent progress, natural phenomena were neglected as soon as their immediate mission of utility had been accomplished. They were explained by the convenient processes of a pliable mythology. This attitude towards them was not altered by man's growing attitudes of mind towards religion, except in the East. In Western countries we are faced with the curious facts that the Art of landscape-painting occupies only the last five centuries of some six thousand years of human history, and that it therefore provides an integral factor in any record of the differences observed between "modern times" and



years before the fifteenth century. Though the interest in landscape for its own sake can certainly be traced as far back in literature as Homer or the Bible, the more difficult expression of that interest in forms intelligible to the beholder had to wait far longer in other branches of Art, for it depended upon a recognition of certain possibilities and relations which involved a much more subtly spiritual atmosphere than any representations in which the human body was the vehicle for human passions or the subject of Divine intervention. The first recognition of these possibilities and relations was in the following form.

The creative spirit of the universe is immanent in a double garb, it was held, acting in both with equal clearness, under the parallel series of orderly changes in the worlds of Soul and Nature. Therefore, when a man loves natural landscape he really watches Nature's unfolding of her infinite analogies to human processes, and in the spontaneity of Nature he sees a type of character. Landscape Art, on this theory, would consequently be one of the most typical and inclusive manifestations of the spiritual life, for it would be the meeting-point of man and Nature, and would occupy itself with the interpretation of that book of analogies which is the world into the more pregnant language of form. The doctrine here set forth is that of the Zen sect of the Buddhists, and it was in accordance with it that in the eleventh century A.D. Kakki wrote in his treatise upon Art: "Why do men love landscape? Because it is the well-spring of life."

In 1887 Philip Gilbert Hamerton, expressing the feeling of the Art of his time, wrote as follows: "The landscape-painter is interested in these things and appearances not for themselves alone, but because he perceives in them certain obscure analogies with the moods of man." A thousand years had not taken us very far from the first theories of landscape which are recorded.

In the ninth century A.D., Li Hua, a famous Chinese writer, produced the following description, which has been literally translated by Mr. H. A. Giles: "Vast, vast—a limitless extent of flat sand without a human being in sight, girdled by a stream, and dotted with hills; where in the dismal twilight the wind moans at the setting

sun. The shrubs are gone, the grass is withered; all is chill as the hoar-frost of the early morn. The beasts of the field shun the spot; the birds of the air fly past it. For it is the site of an old battle-field, and the voices of the dead are heard upon it, weeping and wailing in the darkness of the night." Two things are noticeable about this fine passage of prose: an impressionistic touch which you must read the latest French school of Literature to equal; and an insistence on the same "obscure analogies with the moods of man" which, in Hamerton's opinion, only sixteen years ago, provided the landscape-painter with his *raison d'être*.

In China the expression of this insistence was not limited to the Art of Literature, as it was in every other country of which we have records before the tenth century of the Christian era. In the possessions of Count Akua Matsura there is now an ink-sketch, or kakemono, 3 feet 1 inch in length by just over 10 inches high, painted by the Chinese artist Mu-chi, in the Sung dynasty, the direct successors of that in which the Zen doctrines just quoted were originated. It represents a subject traditional in ancient Chinese Art—the moment of the temple-bell at evening, the Angelus of Millet. The mists of the declining day are rising in the valleys, and are dark about the shoulders of the hills. The corner of a temple shows faintly through a wreath of vapour. The atmosphere of prayer, the very sound of tolling bells, seem to emanate from this amazing picture, a triumph of that impressionism towards which Whistler's *Noc-turnes* were gradually advancing when his Art was at its best, and of which Henley knew the spell so well:—

" . . . The smoke ascends  
In a rosy and golden haze. The spires  
Shine, and are changed. In the valley  
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,  
Closing his benediction,  
Sinks, and the darkening air  
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—  
Night with her train of stars  
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!  
My task accomplished and the long day done. . . ."

There is also a waterfall preserved at Kyoto, and painted in the same soft monotone by the Chinese master Wan Wei, a study revealing an intimate knowledge of the forms of water and its movements which remained unequalled in Western Art until the time of Leonardo's countless sketches for his picture of the Deluge.

Both the Chinese pictures I have mentioned are older than anything of the kind in Western Art, for the rude frescoes of Pompeii and Herculaneum, called "topia" by Vitruvius, are not worthy of the name of landscape. Besides, these Eastern works of Art involve by the skill of their handicraft, and even more by their deliberate selections, a previous development which must have been at least as long as the time which elapsed between the landscapes of Patinir and the Harmonies of Whistler. But this is not the place in which to dilate upon the mysteries of Art in the ancient East. I have but mentioned the subject to show that there is more value in the attention now given to Japanese work than is sometimes admitted, and that its influence is not merely the haphazard result of passing fashions. Millet himself was much affected by the workmanship and style of some Japanese prints he saw, by their sharp-struck, simplified effects, based on aerial modelling and on daring harmony of tints. Their work has naturally been conditioned by its environments. Their quick sketching with a brush may be traced to the ancient Chinese calligraphy; their delicacy of hue and surface, and their love of detail, to the Indian and Persian miniatures; their harmonies in a few colours to their block-printing. But the noble simplicity of style which is the mark of their best artists has a higher origin. Their stern ideals of selection, even in the fifteenth century, are the exact opposite of contemporary Landscape schools of Europe, which tended to depict everything in terms of the foreground, to describe everything by the focus of clear vision, to deny everything to "distances" which air or vapour may take away or give. To close the subject, I may add that these ideals were brought to Japan from China after Corea had taught the island-empire civilisation and religion. The first germs of Chinese Art brought over by Kobo Daishi flourished in Japan's tenth century; but her civil wars stopped all progress again until the Ashikaga Shoguns definitely initiated and encouraged



the true Renaissance of Art from the Ming dynasty in China in the fourteenth century. In the twelfth century Hangchow was the Periclean Athens of the East, and even when Marco Polo saw it in decay he called it "the most splendid city in the world." Yoshimitsu, the Cosimo di Medici of Japan, was Shogun in 1368, and became a Zen monk in 1394. Under his fostering care, Japanese Art developed that reverently poetic study of the spiritual types embodied in natural forms, which is of the essence of good landscape-painting, which tested every mysterious bond between the moods of water and of mountain shores, painting its chosen ideals with a fresh charm more "modern" than we know in Western Europe, lingering over sun-soaked mists and clustered foliage, hinting at mossy roofs or wayside inns. The highest perfection in this style was reached when Sesshiu, a devoted follower of Kakei, the greatest of the old masters of ancient Asia, brought back to life, in the fifteenth century, the vanished perfection of the best Chinese Art. Sesshiu's greatest modern follower was the Japanese Tani Buncho, and nothing in the whole range of Japanese Art is finer than one of his landscapes. He was born in 1763 and died in 1841. He realised to the full what modern Japanese criticism has well said: that an over-exact imitation of Nature produces a bad picture, unlike the object delineated. It is the function of Art to express certain qualities on a flat surface. Nature, on the other hand, designs a creature (if the phrase may be permitted) to exercise certain functions in three dimensions of space. The fundamental difference is the measure of the difference between the naturalism or materialism which Japan's best Art deliberately discarded, and the ideal impressionism they deliberately chose. In Hokusai their amazing technique reached its most extraordinary pitch. He died in 1849 at the age of ninety, and the landscape portion of the Art of which he was so great a master was chiefly exemplified among his contemporaries by Hiroshige, who outlived him by nine years.

It has been noticed that the love of landscape has been exemplified in the literature of the Western hemisphere many centuries before it was translated into the Art of painting. Without giving any wearisome list of those classical quotations to which the attention of every schoolboy is usually directed, I will take but two to illustrate

my point. The first is a direct observation of light and shade upon the sea. It occurs in the Twelfth Odyssey: "When we left that isle nor any other land appeared, but sky and sea only, even then the son of Cronos stayed a dark cloud above the hollow ship, and beneath it the deep darkened." That could never have been written by one to whom the changing hues of sky and sea were indifferent. Or take the line of Alcman: *εἶδουσιν δ' ὄρεων κορυφαί τε καὶ φάραγγες*. This is as modern in its note as any line from the latest of our younger poets:—

"Long, long the melancholy mountains lay  
Aware. . . ."

It strikes, too, that same chord of the human interpretation of natural objects which runs through all Landscape Art; which can be seen in its beginnings when the infant race of Man personified the elements and gave a human, but immortal, denizen to sun and stars, to sea and moon, to lakes and forests. It was in the childhood of the waking world that the morning stars sang together, that the sweet influences of the Pleiades were bound, and that Arcturus was guided with his sons "to their own natural home, which they enter unannounced as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival."

This personal interpretation of natural phenomena is, of course, the one that is most prominent in literature; and it is curious to notice how deeply poets have been attracted by those midnight hours in which the brush of the painter can never enter into competition with their pen:—

" . . . I beheld the waters in their might  
Writhe as a dragon by some fast spell curbed  
And foiled; and one lone soul; and over me  
The everlasting taciturnity;  
The august, inhospitable, inhuman night  
Glittering magnificently unperturbed."

Or consider this word-picture:—

"Space and dread and the dark.  
Over a livid stretch of sky

Cloud-monsters crawling like a funeral train  
Of huge primæval presences  
Stooping beneath the weight  
Of some enormous, rudimentary grief;  
While in the haunting loneliness  
The far sea waits and wanders with a sound  
As of the trailing skirts of Destiny . . ."

There is a theory that Landscape Art has been chosen by some painters, and is appreciated by some spectators, because they find in it some kind of refuge from their perpetual fellow-man; because it is the loneliness of Nature that attracts them; because Nature, aloof and undisturbed, "cares" nothing for individual happiness, absorbed as she is in the tranquil provision for the perfection of the race. But if the theory on which these pages are written be correct, this suggestion cannot for a moment be accepted. It breaks down at the first test. Take any great landscape in which not a single human figure occurs. You will find that the bond between you and the artist can still be traced through human channels. I have said that this is the only way in which Art can ever make its appeal, but I was then speaking of those more primitive conduits, as it were, between man and Nature, which are represented by the impressions made on our physical senses by natural phenomena. That holds perfectly true now; but in Landscape Art we can go a little farther. It is not merely the interpretation of Nature's moods in terms of human emotion which moves us in a landscape-painting. It is the definite proof of human existence in the picture itself. "Only a path," it has been said, for instance. Yet what more poetic and more abundant suggestions could be conveyed to the spectator than those implicit in the artist's vision of a pathway worn by travelling feet; leading from infinity to infinity; the ineffaceable, ancestral track of man who moves upon the planet? It is the great roads of the world, as Edmond Demolins has pointed out, which have led to the diversity of populations, to the variety of types in the human race, to the differing nationalities which have sprung from migrating multitudes originally homogeneous. It is by a path, almost more than by anything else, that we are reminded of that Spirit of Place which is one of the greatest proofs of the indissoluble link between



man's understanding soul and the phenomena of the world in which he lives. In a beautiful passage that has always been a favourite of mine, one of the most charming of our living essayists has described this inherent property of landscape: "It is for this we travel, to surprise its subtlety; and where it is a strong and dominant angel, that place, seen once, abides entire in the memory with all its own accidents, its habits, its breath, its name. It is recalled all a lifetime, having been perceived a week, and is not scattered, but abides, one living body of remembrance. The untravelled spirit of place—not to be pursued, for it never flies, but always to be discovered, never absent, without variation—lurks in the byways, and rules over the towers, indestructible, an indescribable unity. It awaits us always in its ancient and eager freshness. It is sweet and nimble within its immemorial boundaries, but it never crosses them. Long white roads outside have mere suggestions of it and prophecies; they give promise, not of its coming—for it abides—but of a new and singular and unforeseen goal for our present pilgrimage, and of an intimacy to be made." This is what a path suggests to me. This is the spirit which your true landscape artist seizes in the place of his choice; and of his high intimacy he makes you free, of the close, immemorial, unending companionship between man and the earth that was made to be man's dwelling-place.

"Alone, alone with Sky and Sea  
And her—the third simplicity."

The artist's aim may be as simple as he likes, but there are some "simplicities" that cannot be omitted from any work of Art, and the human element is one of them, for Landscape Art must ever be the pictorial interpretation of man's communion with Nature.

Several suggestions have been made by way of giving a reason for that improvement in landscape-painting which developed in a separate Art of landscape for its own sake. When cities were small, for instance, and the reality was ever close at hand, landscape was only used by the artist as a symbolic reminder of the usual surroundings enjoyed by the person whose portrait was displayed. But when cities grew larger, and ever larger, men sighed for a representation

tion of Nature in their rooms that would bring the real breath of the fields into the crowded town; and they insisted that the old seemliness and symbolic harmony should be re-fashioned to supply this want. Then, too, as the habit of the "holiday" became more and more necessary, when work grew more complicated and insistent, the most pleasant memories of the city toiler were always connected with the restful countryside, the gentle airs of heaven, even the elemental forces, seen for a time unchained in the splendours of a thunderstorm at sea. To representations of these things the citizen turned gratefully from his constant shoulder-rubbing with his fellow-men, after the perpetual weariness of "society." It has also been pointed out that there may be more than a mere chronological significance in the fact that some of the earliest pure landscapes are contemporary with the invention of oil-painting in Europe. But these are only accidental and even rudimentary explanations of the popularity of landscape-painting, or of its gradual rise to the position of a separate Art. The reasons for both go deeper. The chronological development of its methods will itself prove suggestive, though I must not linger too long over the dates.

The first appearance of landscape in Western Art is as a purely conventional background to figures which are represented in front of what might well be a curtain with a pattern on it, a symbolic pattern suggesting the ideal or appropriate environment of the figure; and in this way only is landscape used by Giotto (1266-1336). The flat water-colour subjects inserted by Pol de Limbourg in such miniature paintings as occur in the "Book of Hours" of the Duc de Berri in the early fifteenth century can hardly be called anything but tiny decorations in which landscape provided the motive; or perhaps they should be described as the accidental appendage to an Art of painting which was still subservient to ecclesiastical considerations; yet they have a real significance of their own, especially when considered in connection with the work in the Missal of Turin which Paul Durrien has described in his study of Hubert van Eyck. In the older illuminations it is the appearance of a background of blue sky instead of the flat gold or chequer-work before it which marks the rise of the landscape spirit. I shall have more to say directly

of Italian developments after Giotto; but it seems clear that, in point of time, the first appearance of what was to become a great and independent Landscape Art was in the work of the Van Eycks at Ghent and Bruges. The younger brother, Jan, was born about 1389 and died in 1440, and it is to Hubert, who died in 1426, that the credit must be given of having so far improved the methods of oil painting as to create what was practically a new system altogether. He mixed his colours with transparent oil-varnish, and laid them on a white ground, which produced a brilliant tone and developed a far more effective technique. Whether this invention gave just that impetus to his painting which it required, or whether the natural bias of his mind is to be held responsible, it is certain that the younger brother, after Hubert's discovery of 1410, began to work out a regular theory of landscape-painting; and it is a curious coincidence that these efforts can be first traced in Northern Europe just when the Landscape Art of Asia had reached its highest expression in the work of Sesshiu. As Sesshiu had travelled to Pekin and to Hangchow, so Jan van Eyck, sent a-voyaging to Portugal by Philippe le Bon in 1428, to paint the Infanta Isabella, touched at Sandwich, Plymouth, and Bayonne on his way to Lisbon, and brought back numberless studies of landscape he had seen during the journey, which he incorporated in the Rétable of St. Bavon. Rogier van der Weyden (1400-1464), though not his pupil, and though incapable of appreciating his broad principles of chiaroscuro and proportion, carried on Van Eyck's Flemish tradition in landscapes that abound in the green freshness of an early morning light, and retain much of the brilliancy of the missal-painting he had no doubt previously practised. Memlinc, who died in 1495, shows clearly his affiliation to the same school, especially in the one wide-stretching landscape in which his "Seven Joys of Mary" are disposed. But in this branch of his Art he was undoubtedly inferior both to Dierick Bouts and to Gheeraert David (1450-1523), whose landscape backgrounds are generally supposed to have been painted by Joachim Patinir. Hitherto we have been able to trace only an improvement in the landscape which accompanies the main matter of the artist's picture, and though that improvement is certainly great enough to warrant careful notice



in any such discussion as the present, it retains much of the old symbolism, the old minuteness of treatment, the old unnatural colouring. The pivotal period in which a vital change in the Northern schools can be first unhesitatingly affirmed is the period which embraces the lives of Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) and of Joachim Patinir, who died before 1524.

Dürer was one of the wedding guests at Patinir's second marriage at Antwerp in 1521, and drew the bridegroom's portrait. He is the first Northern artist in whom we can prove the existence of a definite interest in the growth and structure of those natural forms which are the material of landscape; but I should not be willing to affirm that he was the first artist who took sketches with that object, for I imagine that very many such sketches were made by other conscientious painters, but have been lost. However that may be, the student may satisfy himself in the Print-room of the British Museum of the value of Dürer's rapid water-colour sketches of natural scenes and objects. In these the colour is washed on somewhat heavily; his material is evidently neither good itself nor familiar to the artist. It looks as if the medium used for missal-painting were being tried for work more rapid than any for which it had been used before. There are studies of trees and rocks, with evident attention to structure. There is also a most valuable little sketch called the "Weierhaus." The design was subsequently transformed into a background in an engraving known as the "Virgin with the Monkey," which must be dated before 1497. But it is clear that in this sketch the landscape is studied for itself alone. In a large pond, with a queerly shaped boat in the foreground, a quaint house like an exaggerated dovecote stands out of the water on a reedy little island of its own. There are no figures. The obvious enjoyment of the artist in his chosen scene is important, for the locality is close to his own Nuremburg, and his sketch is therefore not the result of any excursion farther afield, a result which might be entirely owing to the common habit of reproducing the pleasant landscapes of a journey for subsequent enjoyment or for the amusement of friends. No doubt this constant travelling, on foot or on horseback, or by some equally slow and steady form of locomotion, was a direct stimulus

to every artist in centuries when the journey to Rome meant more than a few uncomfortable hours in the corridor compartment of an express train, and when the courts of various patrons were divided from each other by expanses of country fresh to the traveller which he had time to enjoy and to depict. Traces of this are evident in Dürer's own sketches of his long journeys across the Alps, of Innsbrück, Trent, or Maestricht, of marble quarries, fortifications, or of trees, mostly rapidly done in rough water-colour upon a vellum that was not well adapted for the purpose. It was impossible that we should have long to wait before discovering some contemporary artist in whom landscape awoke an affection for itself; and in Dürer's friend, in Van Eyck's compatriot, we find it, indubitably at last.

Joachim Patinir was born at Dinant in the second half of the fifteenth century, and died between 1521 and 1524. Signed pictures by him are known at Vienna, Madrid, and Carlsruhe. But as good an example for our purposes as exists anywhere is that numbered 1298 in the National Gallery. If ever there was pure landscape-painting in the world it is here. To compare it with almost any important work of Turner's is to realise how great an advance the three hundred years between them were to bring in such matters as technique, composition, and perspective; but the spirit in which the artist approaches his work remains essentially the same. It is possible that Patinir may have wished to indicate the comparative novelty of his art by the figure of the man who sits sketching at the foot of a tree in the left of the foreground. But the motive is a common one in later landscape, and it is only worth noticing because of the date of this particular picture. A clear and quiet river winds between lofty and fantastic cliffs, crowned here and there with trees and scanty verdure. Upon it are a rowing boat, a barge, and a long logwood raft. Just as Turner did, Patinir realised the river as a highway for man. In the middle distance a small town lies at the foot of wooded uplands. Just as Turner felt, Patinir saw that landscape without the evidence of human life would not appeal to men; but these evidences are inserted for the sake of the landscape, it is not the landscape which is painted as a background to the figures; and this is the point in which Patinir may truly be said

to have been a pioneer in Flemish art. It would be too much to say of anyone that he was the first landscape-painter in time. But it is possible to be sure of the prominence of a new spirit in the world of Art in certain districts. Even when Patinir painted Gospel subjects, the *dramatis personæ* are subordinated to wide expanses of natural scenery typical of the grand and broken landscapes of the valley of the Meuse or of the district of the Ardennes. Nos. 715 and 716 in the National Gallery may be taken as examples of this. There is no doubt that the artist of the three pictures mentioned saw, and felt, the grandeur of wild scenery, and strove to express it in his painting. His sincerity enabled him to do this in spite of over-elaborate detail, of exaggerated rock-forms, of the heavy blues in his distances; and there is no doubt that a certain amount of influence was exercised by his Art upon those who saw or heard of it. The magnificent landscape, for instance, by Altdorfer (1488-1538) in the great "Battle of Arbelá," at Munich, is a very definite contribution to the advancing Art; while the work of Henri de Bles (1480-1551), though of a lesser order of merit, is even more closely assimilated to the treatment elaborated by Patinir.

We have arrived, therefore, at a definite and independent (if any Art can be called independent) beginning of landscape in those schools of Northern Europe in which the use of transparent colour over a luminous ground was one characteristic. We must now consider its beginnings in the South, where treatment and technique developed upon different lines, though the main inspiring spirit was the same.

Forty-three years after Giotto's death, Brunelleschi was born. Before he died (in 1446) the science of perspective had been developed, and the transition between the Art of Giotto and the Art which had a new tool in its service may be observed in such work as that of Benozzo Gozzoli (1420-1498), the scholar of Fra Angelico, who painted the frescoes of the Old Testament in the Campo Santo of Florence. His landscapes are more varied and circumstantial than any previous representations of the kind, and filled with charming and natural incidents. He may have studied, as certainly Filippo Lippi studied, the frescoes in the Brancacci chapel of S. M. del Carmine, in Florence, which were painted by that short-lived genius Masaccio



(1401-1430), and completed by Filippino. The background to the picture of the Tribute Money, which was carefully copied by Ruskin, shows an especial appreciation of mountain forms and a very notable advance on any previous effort of the kind. Perspective was meanwhile still further elaborated by Uccello (1397-1475), and by that great painter Mantegna (1431-1506), and the impulse to the study of structural form, provided in the North by Dürer, was chiefly exemplified in Italian Art by Leonardo da Vinci. I have before me many hundred photographs of this ardent investigator's sketches. Among them are studies of stratified rock, of clouds in landscape, of flowers, leaves, grasses, and trees, of rainstorms, and of countless forms of water. Two such studies of especial interest are reproduced here—the first, a careful drawing of leaves; the second, a splendid sketch of a storm-cloud bursting over a small town among the mountains, a very valuable appreciation of what landscape Art might already mean at the end of the fifteenth century. It was upon exactly such work in detail that Turner's creative Art was founded. It is impossible to deny that the value of that work was limited to the few who may have had an opportunity to examine it while Leonardo was alive (1452-1519). His own landscapes, though none have survived (except in sketches) which are of the pure form of the Art, show not only the constant restlessness of experimental passion, but a real advance in the technique of oil-colour, in light and shade, and in aerial perspective; a deliberate lessening of over-elaboration and of mere brightness; a constant search for living and organic composition. It is but natural, then, that in two Italians born during Leonardo's lifetime the first germs of the love of landscape for its own sake, and of its separate poetic treatment, should be discovered. One of them was Giorgione, brave George of Castelfranco, who was born in the year of Titian's birth and died in 1511, whose schooldays in Venice have been so eloquently compared to the surroundings of the poor barber's son, born on St. George's Day in Maiden Lane, very much to the disadvantage of the latter. Of that comparison I shall have more to say. For the present we note in Giorgione the true spirit of landscape, even in that tiny glimpse of blue sky in the right hand upper corner of "The Magi,"



STUDY OF LEAVES.  
FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCH  
BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.







A CLOUDBURST.  
FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCH  
BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.



No. 1160 in our own National Gallery. Titian, his friend, his fellow-pupil, his admirer, developed that spirit still farther, and in his long life from 1477 to 1576 there must have been many more influences of the kind upon his surroundings than the few landscapes of his we know, especially that noble picture now in the Buckingham Palace Gallery. Everything he did of this kind was an enormous improvement on any landscape work before him in the South, and this is not only true when he uses this form of the Art by itself, but when he works it in as a background, as may be seen by a comparison of his frescoes in the little chapel behind S. Antonio in Padua, painted with a true delight in growth of trees and cloudy sky, and the idealistic purism of the trees and country in Raphael's Holy Family in the Tribune of the Uffizi at Florence. Both have been carefully drawn by Ruskin to show this contrast.

It is but natural that our inquiry should have found one of its main starting-places in Venice, Queen of the Sea, where Art was the outward manifestation of her power, where life was not isolated, but gloriously guarded by the waters of the Adriatic, as Hellas by the blue Ægean. Around her citizens moved the rippled sheen of glancing waters beneath the marble and the alabaster of her palace walls. Beyond Torcello was the vision of the far-off Alps; westward, the delicate blue outlines of the hills of Padua rising in a golden sunset. Above them the free light of sun, of moon and stars, all mirrored in the encircling wave, or burning to the blood-red edge of the horizon's vaporous flood. There lived that mighty colourist Titian, who knew and loved the mysterious after-glow of evening skies, the beauty of far-dreaming distant mountain-masses, the delicate growth of petals in a flower, the set and sway of branches blown by the breeze that shakes a strong-based tree.

Titian's landscape in Buckingham Palace shows the passage of a shepherd's flock at evening. Trees are in the middle distance; house roofs beyond; a delicate sifting of light clouds in the sky. The management of that gently pervading glow of silvery light is very beautifully thought out and depicted as it falls through the play of air and vapour on the fleeces of the sheep amid the darkening country. If he had not been the first to appreciate, he was, at any rate, the first

to render the sublimer aspects of natural scenery, and the highest ideals of Landscape Art. The landscape of the "*Noli me Tangere*" (No. 270 in the National Gallery) may be especially studied as an example of this side of his many-sided Art, and the twilight glow of it will be noticed as we noticed it before. As will usually be found to be the case, a very high level of technique rose to the height of his conceptions. It has even been said that it was Titian's personal method of handling oil-colour which made the future development of landscape-painting possible; but Turner is there to show that just as great effects may be produced by water-colour, rightly handled. However that may be, the method of Titian remained for long the method which distinguished the Southern schools; it mainly consisted in the use of solid, opaque, monochrome foundation, over which local colours were so laid as to blend with one another, and thus to secure a harmonious variety in surface, in quality, and in texture, which had never been seen before.

It is difficult, perhaps, to realise that Annibale Carracci (1560-1609) was alive for sixteen years before Titian died, and that his frescoes in the Farnese Palace (which Poussin admired more than anything in Rome, except the work of Raphael) were painted before 1604. He serves but as a link in time between the great Venetians and Claude, for that magnificently imaginative school of colourists really came to an end with Tintoret (1518-1594), whose feeling for landscape may be rightly valued from the splendid background to his "*Entombment*" at Parma, which has again been drawn by the indefatigably careful pencil of John Ruskin. The technique begun by Titian is indeed employed. The spirit of true landscape is indeed visible. But both are very far behind the earlier master. Nos. 56 and 63 in the National Gallery will clearly show my meaning. It was to Claude that Titian's feeling for sunlight really passed, and it was to Claude that Turner owed his first vision of what sunlight meant; but though sun and moon, air and sea had been painted by Claude, by Cuyp, by Rubens, Turner was the first really to see, boldly to depict "the burning clouds in their courses, and the frail vapours in their changes." Claude Gellée, called Le Lorrain (1600-1682), was as definitely Italian in his methods as were Poussin (1594-1665) or Salvatore (1615-1673); and the work of these three, well known as it is, does not enter



sufficiently into my present argument to justify any re-statement of their aims, their differences, or their value. It is Claude's sunlight, and its influence on Turner as what could be done in paint to render that great natural phenomenon, which we must here remember. Turner took nothing, and needed to learn nothing else from Claude, except his method of laying on oil-colour—a method which it was Turner's grievous loss to have neglected. As it is ultimately with a Northern painter that we are concerned, we may take as our most convenient link between South and North, Rubens (1577-1640).

Trained in those Northern ideals we have noticed of transparent colour on a luminous ground, Rubens made yet another great advance in pure technique by assimilating Titian's variety of surface and of texture without losing his own style. This meant that he must draw each part once for all, without any possibility of subsequent alteration; that the effect of form must be produced by sure strokes of brushwork corresponding in direction to the shape of the thing represented. Such mastery in handling oil-colour has rarely been reproduced at all, and in Van Dyck (1599-1641), in Watteau (1684-1721), or in Gainsborough (1727-1788), it may perhaps alone be seen as facile, and as sure as in its originator, especially in the last, whose light transparency of touch and luminous clearness of vision were balanced by an exquisitely sympathetic sense of the necessities of outline. Of all this, the clear shadows were almost the only inheritance for which most of the Dutch painters seemed to care; and this we find in Wouwermann (1619-1668), Berchem (1620-1683), Cuyp (1620-1691), in Ruysdael (1628-1682), and in Hobbema (1638-1709), whose "Avenue" (No. 830 in the National Gallery) is one of the best works of the whole school in broad, simple treatment, in composition, and in its sky. Fine as they were in their own way, it cannot be said that the lesser Dutch landscapists added anything to the Art of Claude or Titian, for they were rather technical than creative. They seem more pleased to show you how cleverly their canvases are treated as pictures, than to move you with any sense of the impression made on them by what they painted; and, therefore, their Art was not the highest. And all of those already mentioned were entirely overshadowed by the greatness of Rembrandt (1606-1669).

If such men as Van Dyck, or Watteau, or Gainsborough may be

especially described as aristocratic in their aims and surroundings, it would be right to say that Rembrandt is the first, as he is the greatest, of the landscape-artists who saw the beauty of common things and humble forms of life, which appealed so strongly to Constable, its interpreter, and to Turner, its creator. It has been suggested that such a landscape-painter as these two, sitting perhaps for a long time in the same place, as he sketches his chosen view of countryside, in time becomes accepted as a kind of impersonal natural phenomenon, in the presence of which the ordinary affairs of life can go on as unabashed as if beneath a hedgerow or a clump of trees. It seems strange that people who would hardly dream of looking over a man's shoulder to see what he is writing, will frequently disturb an artist by clumsily examining his easel. But even the outspoken blame of rustic critics finds its limit, and in time they go on with their work, or continue to be lazy, as if no artist were in evidence at all. There is no reasonable doubt that in this way Turner got a great many ideas for the figure-subjects which sometimes almost overcrowd his smaller drawings, for he felt intensely the human side of every scene he drew, and he knew that without it the thing which really interested him most would not appeal to any spectator of his picture. What has chiefly moved the painter of a landscape will only interest the average purchaser sufficiently to attract him to the picture at first sight; he must postpone loving it till afterwards. Another suggestion that has to do with the typical quality in Rembrandt's work, just mentioned, is that in the South of Europe men looked upon "the country" merely as the setting of a number of more or less graceful ruins of classical antiquity; whereas in the North far more owners of the land lived on the soil instead of in town houses, and therefore knew more about the processes of agriculture, the lives of their farm-labourers, and open-air existence generally. This is certainly an accidental concomitant of landscape in North and South respectively; but I doubt if it is more than that. If it can be conceived that a Rembrandt had been born within an hour of the Campagna he would never have seen in it the spirit which controls, rather than animates, the compositions of a Claude. Rembrandt's own nature, compact of an intense emotion, worked with a forceful insight and a strength of purpose which seems reflected in his loaded impasto, his dignified severity, his impressive light

and shade, which last, no doubt, strongly influenced Turner. The character and personality of the man would have shone through whatever subject he had chosen for its vehicle. In every particular his Art answers to that definition with which we began this inquiry; in every age it has appealed, and will appeal, by the strongest bonds of sympathy, to every living man.

It is a difficult thing to say that one artist "is indebted to" another. I cannot wholly accept the phrase when I remember the intangible influence that the work of any great man exercises on his own time and on posterity, but never on anyone who is not prepared to receive it. All Art must in its essence be the individual expression of the artist; yet there are certain lines to which some men seem to approach, while others move away; and it is to Claude that the work of Richard Wilson (1713-1782) may thus be referred, in whom landscape was especially and rightly represented in the thirty-six original members of the Royal Academy. There are many of his examples in the National Gallery, and they are sufficient to show that, great as was his undoubted talent, the unpopularity of his work during his lifetime was not entirely due to unkind fortune. If this had been the only contribution to English Landscape Art in the eighteenth century, the rise of this form of painting would have been indeed inexplicably slow within these islands. But almost an exact contemporary of Wilson was Gainsborough, one of the brilliant band of portrait-painters of that time, and destined by the very freedom and vitality of his abounding genius to found that impressionist school of landscape which was to be one of England's greatest glories. As was natural to one blessed with a technique so amazing, and moving in the life that was his right, Gainsborough may be more fitly compared to Van Dyck, as far as method goes, than to any other of his predecessors. "Simple, sensuous, passionate," the very poetry of purest Art glows in all Gainsborough's masterpieces. It is true that in many cases his landscapes are a background, a perfect setting to his figures. But he could do wrong in neither. It is difficult to know which to admire most in so perfect an organic unity as the "Morning Walk." Depending for his appeal wholly on the superb perfection of his senses, his finest work seems his most rapid, done without any conscious feeling of control, in the full tide of the creative impulse. "The happy colour riots from

his brush." The sparkle and vitality of the coloured earths rouse the profoundest feelings of response and of enjoyment. Fresh forms of Beauty burn into being on a canvas that glows with its own light in pellucid rays of gem-like colour. More than any other man of his time he felt the call of Beauty. More than all others we admire him because he answered it so fearlessly. If ever a reply was needed to those who have asserted that technique is nothing, and the aim is all, let them look at these pictures. Turner himself had never so deft a brush. It was indeed the lack of the highest technique in Turner that was responsible for much. In Gainsborough the handling of the theme is equal to its hot conception. He felt as keenly as did ever our first ancestors the tremendous meaning of such primæval things as line, colour, light, and texture. He felt that through such channels man had learnt to live his life throughout the ages ever since. And it was through them, pure and undefiled, that he made his triumphant appeal to all his fellow-men. He is the true artistic temperament visibly embodied, stripped of every rag of impertinent or anecdotic frippery.

It is strange to consider coldly now that for the Landscape Art of Wilson, Gainsborough, Crome (1769-1821), or Constable (1776-1837) the public of their day cared almost equally little. They used a language that was still only understood by few, and those of them who depended upon landscape only made but a poor living out of it, judged by pecuniary standards. It is to the water-colourists that we must turn to see the gradual growth of real appreciation in this country for good Landscape Art, and very humble were the beginnings of that growth—for it is with such geographical, map-making, antiquarian draughtsmen as Paul Sandby (1725-1809) that it must be connected. But there were others too. One of the most remarkable of our early water-colour painters was Alexander Cozens, a natural son of Peter the Great. His son, John Robert Cozens (1752-1799) grew up with a natural love—perhaps an echo in his blood of Russia's steppes—for the space and solitude that had so deeply appealed to his father, but made a great advance in technique in those sketches of travel which were his business for his patrons. These were compared, by a young group of water-colour painters, with those prints from Gainsborough, Wilson, Canaletti, Salvatore, or Poussin which happened to be



in the house that formed their common meeting-place. The eldest of that group was Thomas Girtin, who died at twenty-seven in 1802, and till his death he remained the greatest, for he had all the poetical feeling which distinguished Cozens, with a far larger heart and mind, a far more felicitous expression; and it was he who first showed that water-colour could be a separately creative Art that might compete with oil-painting, and might even vanquish it. The youngest was John Cotman (1782-1842), who was especially attracted by the Italian prints. They worked on a recognised trade basis; and they were joined, on that basis, by one whose name was to outshine them all, J. M. W. Turner, who was of exactly the same age as Girtin.

This, then, briefly is the story of Landscape Art up to the day when Turner began to make it his own; and in it we have seen the gradual rise of landscape from its original background as a patterned curtain to its final development in Western Art as the elemental appeal of the essentials which China knew a thousand years before Whistler was born. In that story the gradual changes in the treatment of the human figure are of especial, though secondary, interest. From being the first thing in the picture, and treated as a portrait seen at close quarters, the man is gradually shifted farther off, and treated rather as a type than as an individual personality, as a typical shepherd, or sailor, or field-labourer. Then the man fades still farther into insignificance as merely a feature in the landscape, and the landscape itself becomes a "prospect" or "view." Finally, the right treatment is gradually evolved. The distant man is not painted as a tiny edition of what he would look if quite close to us. The crowd is no longer a conglomeration of separate persons, each clearly recognisable. The forest is no more an assemblage of particularised trees, or the sea a collection of assorted ripples. The effect of light and air, of mist and shadow, is appreciated and rendered. The essential impression as it was made upon the artist is frankly depicted for the spectator of his picture. The spirit of the place is fixed upon the canvas instead of the numberless negligible details of the geographical locality. The faith of the artist can, indeed, move mountains. And so Turner, in the very forefront of realities, dreamt ever of all they suggested to him, all they might mean to such a mind as his; and in the actual transcript of his facts, the dull material changed and melted to the vision of his thoughts.

His pictures rarely recall the existing features of a place. They always reveal what thoughts that place aroused in Turner.

### III.

ON the 23rd of April, 1775, Joseph Mallord William Turner was born in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, where his father carried on the business of a hairdresser. Less than fifty years afterwards the house was pulled down, during one of the only four seasons in sixty years of the artist's life in which there was no picture from his brush hung in the Royal Academy.

#### THE LIFE OF TURNER.

Something too much has been made of the poverty of these early surroundings by those who seem to think that London extends only from Park Lane to Piccadilly Circus, and that all the rest is squalor, particularly to the East. But apart from the great change that has been gradually in progress as London has moved slowly, but surely, towards the setting sun, there is little cause for lamentation over Turner's early years when we consider the use to which he put them, and the aims of his maturer strength. Nor, we may imagine, was it only pecuniary necessities or strong filial affection which led him to choose Hand Court when it became necessary to have larger, and therefore separate, accommodation in the year he came of age, six years after he had exhibited his first picture in the Academy, and a year before he first secured admission for his work in oils.

Readers who desire full details of a singular biography must look for them elsewhere. I am here concerned only with those facts or possibilities which may explain and illustrate the part of Turner's work with which we are here more immediately concerned. As a study of character I can conceive few labours so fascinating as the search for accurate detail in the life of the man. But it is the life of the artist to which we must confine ourselves, only looking besides, as closely as we may,

at those things which are inextricably concerned both with his nature and with his Art.

The instincts that are formed in youth last on, often unconsciously, in the heart of a man, however much his outward circumstances may have altered. What would have happened to Turner if he had had such a mother as was Constable's we can only imagine. That neither of his apparent efforts to get married was successful must only be a reason for respectful congratulation both to the ladies concerned and to ourselves. Impulsive, tender-hearted as a girl, extremely fond of children, sensitive to a degree, proud as a prince in exile, never able to get intimate with any man, full of the passions of virility, as strong as a cart-horse, and as industrious, Turner's character was never one that we can imagine happy under double harness. His independence, his solitariness, his love of lonely travel, all these things enriched his Art. The absence of them might have lessened it. What the love and sympathy of one good woman might have done for it is not ours to ask. He chose his ways of life, and walked them sturdily to the end. His father was a Devonshire man, from South Molton, who knew no rules but thrift and diligence, and taught them faithfully to his son. His mother, supposed to have been a Marshall of Shelford Manor, Nottingham, was born in Islington. The poor woman seems to have been short of temper after his birth. She was soon removed from her home; in a little while she became insane. We know no more of her, and that sad figure fades out of our view, having apparently exhausted her vitality in the child she brought into the world so strong and well equipped.

It is not a bad thing either to live in London or to be born in it; and it is worth remembering that London skies are among the most beautiful in the world; not only for that they are chiefly framed in delicately oblong lines for our delight as we look up to them, but that the vapour and the smoke and haze of a great city form a wondrous veil, diaphanous, transforming, between us and the setting sun:—

“’Tis El Dorado—El Dorado plain  
The golden city . . .  
. . . In a golden glory  
Long lapsing down a golden-coasted sky.

The day not dies, but seems  
 Dispersed in wafts and drifts of gold, and shed  
 Upon a past of golden song and story  
 And memories of gold and golden dreams."

That some influences of London sunlight were in Turner's pictures you may see for yourself, in all that are still visible in their first tones, to-day. What we feel most deeply is not what we have habitually lived, but what we have seen for a moment and longed to enjoy for ever. The sun, seen darkly above his London home, was Turner's most glorious vision in the unclouded South; and he absorbed it, transcribed it, with the passionate vigour of one who knew that he must leave it, hungered to hold fast all he might of it. Yet when he thus realised, in Venice or in Rome, the splendour he had only guessed behind the mists of Covent Garden, he never lost his boyhood's love for the transfiguring glamour of their dusty gold. His dreams of Venice, of Switzerland, of the English coast, all may be traced, without exaggerating possibilities, to those London skies that first suggested the misty ærial "envelope" through which Nature so often presented herself to him. One of his earliest quotations, on a picture of Coniston Fells he exhibited when he was twenty-three, reflects the same feeling, as it is expressed in Milton:—

" . . . Ye mists and exhalations that now rise  
 From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honour to the world's great Author rise."

To Turner, as to another artist in a different medium, who had no less a love for London:—

"Earth and sky and air  
 Are golden everywhere,  
 And golden with a gold so suave and fine  
 The looking on it lifts the heart like wine.  
 Trafalgar Square  
 (The fountains volleying golden glaze)  
 Gleams like an angel market. High aloft  
 Over his couchant lions in a haze  
 Shimmering and bland and soft,  
 A dust of chrysoprase,



Our Sailor takes the golden gaze  
Of the saluting sun, and flames superb,  
As once he flamed it on his ocean round."

The Nelson column was erected eight years before Turner died, and all his life he had taken the keenest interest in what Nelson and his battleships meant for England. His noblest subjects were chosen on that theme. I doubt if there be any greater picture of England's navy than "The Fighting Téméraire." The sea is the Englishman's heritage, as it was the Greek's; Turner's best theme no less than Homer's; to both, the one great highway that led out into the world, the mighty trench of waters that all foes must overpass. It was not so far for Turner, as a youth, to slip from the Strand down stream to Wapping, and to commune with them that went down to the sea in ships and occupied their business in great waters. These men saw the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep, when at His word the stormy wind arose which lifted up the waves thereof, when they were carried up to heaven and down again to the deep, and their soul melted away because of the trouble. Soon, he was himself to be at sea, and to behold the works of Him who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters, and maketh the clouds His chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind. Throughout his life Turner never forgot those influences of Thames and her tidal waters. Sea and river were with him to the end—even unto death. The seas of England, her rivers and her harbours, and the mighty stream of Seine—these were among the most characteristic of his works, and therefore they are chosen to illustrate him here:—

"The smell of ships (that earnest of romance),  
A sense of space and water, and thereby  
A lamplit bridge ouching the troubled sky,  
And look, O look! a tangle of silvery gleams  
And dusky lights, our River and all his dreams. . . ."

By the Thames it happened that much of Turner's early life was passed, and by its banks he died. What little we hear of "school" is in London, at Brentford, at Margate, up to thirteen. We hear of a picture of Dover Castle when he was but twelve. His father's shop

was not so far from Reynolds' studio. Thomas Stothard would come in now and again to get his hair cut; saw, perhaps, those little sketches the thrifty parent exhibited in the shop window; perchance suggested the direction of further, inevitable efforts. So there come glimpses of a Mr. Porden, architect, for whom water-colour background must carefully be washed in; of perspective taught, we imagine, in constant gasps of wonder by a Long Acre man, Thomas Malton, who finds himself in presence of an elemental power, and gives up hastily all attempts to make rules for it; of Mr. Hardwick's office, where much good architecture is to be learnt, with two great results—the first, "Lambeth Palace" on the Royal Academy walls; the second, the appearance of a new pupil's name, "W. Turner," in the registers of the Royal Academy Schools on the 21st of July, 1790, and hard work thereafter (in ninety-six separate visits) upon plaster-casts and pencil work until December 2nd, 1791. Other influences there are, less concrete, no less important.

Fortunate in securing admission for a water-colour drawing at so early an age, in days when portraits of old gentlemen had not yet begun to monopolise well-nigh every inch of space in the Academy, Turner was no less fortunate in having escaped the dull, repressive grind of crushing poverty without falling into the stifling respectability of the rich and overfed. He grew up in a neighbourhood that was then full of life from both ends of the social scale, and he learnt to pick out what he wanted without regard to where it came from—sunbeams floating through dancing mists of vegetable dust; deep furrows and much good drawing in cast-off cabbage-leaves; oranges to make a point of light that shall be studied carefully in every sort of surrounding, eventually even in the sea-waves where a ship must founder to show what the artist knew. Beyond Covent Garden, and closing round it with a grasp that ever strengthened with the impetus behind, lay the great network of life that was the city—a city never Hausmannised, though often tortured, never pretending to be other than what it was, never a mere mask for existences that deeply differed from their external husk, as France so often shows; but a rough, rude, strong piece of the heart of England; a fragment, intensely interesting, of Nature's infinity, of the mystery of life; full of the mixture and the counterpoise of

endless efforts, and full, therefore, of a stimulating and creative power. The very atmosphere of Maiden Lane should have taught the receptive boy something of independence—for there had lived Sancroft, Andrew Marvell, and—for two years—Voltaire.

Some of his earliest sketches in the shop-window ("My son's, sir; at three shillings," the customers learn) were copies from Paul Sandby's, of whom we have heard already. The boy saw his drawings at the house of Dr. Munro, where the most important meetings of his youth took place. There he would colour sketches at half a crown apiece, with a boy of his own age, Thomas Girtin. Together they would look at prints of the old masters, pictures by still living painters, on the walls—a splendid chance for youthful criticism. At last, no doubt after his attendances at class had been observed, came the joy of looking frankly, and with eyes very wide open, at the oil-colour in Sir Joshua Reynolds' studio. By the time he reached eighteen, the entries of his name as an Academy student cease. Between November 18th, 1792, and February 26th, 1793, he had attended the life-classes forty-eight times. Study of every sort he must get; for landscape painting is so complex an Art that it can be neither understood nor interpreted without a scientific analysis and synthesis impossible to the young student, yet inevitable as the basis on which to build his individual variations. The art of laying on oil-colour, too, was, at any rate, rightly taught him.

The portrait by his own brush I have reproduced was done in 1802, when he was twenty-seven, and there is scarce a trace of those fatal pigments, those still more disastrous methods, which have left too many of his paintings in that medium wrecked beyond all repair. For so much, at least, we may be grateful to a much-abused Academy. Another determining habit was his love of travelling, which was a part of his real passion for landscape. By this same age of eighteen, apart from early journeys to Bristol or to Oxford, we know that he had walked through most of Kent, Staffordshire, Derby, and Cheshire, drawing for the *Copperplate Magazine*. Long before middle life he must have known England as no man knew her before, or has known her since. Wales also must be added to the list, for by this time he had studied "The Devil's Bridge" in Cardiganshire; Tintern,

too, and Great Malvern. The results were manifold. The mere number of the sketches left to the nation after his death is one indication of the stupendous industry of his whole life. A pencil can have rarely left his fingers on his tours. His coat pockets were crammed with sketches upon crumpled paper. If he went by sea, he must be on deck all day drawing the varying outline of the horizon, sketching the coast faithfully as the ship passed every headland—unrivalled practice in registering swift impressions.

The value of privacy, of liberty, in such pursuits must have early enforced itself. He could not mix up the two things, as it were. His Art must always come first. No man, or woman either, must come before that. There are intervals when he can draw no longer. The hot young blood is too much for him. It must be quenched then, as soon as may be, as hard as can be, in dark, reeking hours at Wapping and elsewhere—hours that are his concern and not ours. The unwearied pencil is ready enough the next morning; the hand steady enough to need no mahlstick on the canvas. So it was, to his life's end, Art and his spirit first—the body but as their vehicle, their instrument, to be treated how he pleased, with nothing and no one to restrain him—sometimes a sad figure, as we imagine him, always an amazing one, never to be so deeply pitied as the rhetoric of his most eloquent admirer showed him. No one could long be miserable who could create so much. His amazing productiveness showed itself very quickly. In 1794 he exhibited five works; in 1795, eight; in 1796, eleven. How many hundreds more he drew we shall now never know. By 1797, when he was twenty-two, he had done enough in oils to venture on his first accepted picture in the Academy; the study of Millbank by moonlight was the result. We hear of other works in oil two years before this, sketches of Rochester, of a sunset near Battersea. But water-colour still held him; and in 1797 his travels were even farther afield than usual. Yorkshire was by no means his first glimpse of the air and freedom of the country, though it may have offered him the fullest measure he had yet enjoyed of what was to be his ideal of natural beauty; and it was to be the scene of almost the only instance of close friendship—equally valued on both sides—in his life, for in it was Farnley Hall, the home of Walter Fawkes.



By two very different facts the year 1799 is to be marked, by us and by himself. He then began a series of nine annual illustrations for the "Oxford Almanac," for which he was paid ten guineas a picture, while his engraver, James Basire, made 150; and he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. His early successes in his Art and the generously early recognition of them that was possible in those less crowded days must have been an immense help to him, as the outward seal of the reward that should await him in the work for which he cared so deeply. He was practical enough—and poor enough—to have been very deeply influenced had everything gone in a direction quite opposite to that which, as a matter of fact, guided his footsteps from the very beginning. He would, no doubt, have had very different feelings towards life at large during the constant labour he had chosen if it had not thus early proved its value. By the next year he left Covent Garden, and the eighteenth century closed on him in Harley Street, where he stayed for several years, with a short change to Norton Street, near Fitzroy Square, and back again.

Only two years had he to wait before the full honours of the coveted "R.A." were his, in 1802, when he was twenty-seven. He celebrated the event, characteristically, by immediately enlarging the scope of his travels—to Calais, Macon, Savoy, the Val d'Aosta, the source of the Arveiron. He celebrated it also by taking his father out of the shop in Maiden Lane to live with him, which may not utterly be put down to "social prejudices," for at the same time he flatly refused to go round and thank the Academicians for his election, as was the custom with men who painted portraits in the upper circles and made a business of being friends with everybody. No one who is worth anything at all is without an enemy. Turner cared little, and knew less, about possible or actual foes. His heart was with Nature, and with that larger humanity which takes small account of individual atoms. Himself, too, may be more closely looked upon at this eventful period. We can see a short man, muscular, large-headed, with keen, bright blue eyes; the hooked, fleshy nose, the sensuous lips, giving a rather Jewish cast to his strong countenance; yet an atmosphere of sensitiveness, of that secretiveness also which is born of pride, is over the face; and at times a strangely wistful

tenderness, as of that almost feminine capacity for episode which sometimes goes with certain forms of physical and experienced strength, and which differs from the broad, wholly masculine, selective power of the artist Thomas Girtin, who is to die in but another year, greater than his more successful rival. Turner knew that greatness. "I should never have got my bread and butter," he put it in his rough way, "if Girtin had lived." He had strange notions about other painters. "I wish I could paint like Stothard," he said once; or, again, "Vandervelde—I can't paint like him." And this in all sincerity, and without a trace of gratitude. Of his work as compared with that of other painters, I must speak later. It is enough now to say that by 1803 he had shown in the "Calais Pier" the full signs of a power that was to become greater than any which had preceded it. Those signs were not so precocious as has been thought. Like many a good racehorse, Turner really "got into his stride" slowly. But the elements of success were his from the beginning. After twenty-five years of development from his birth, his talent began to feel its way clear. For twenty years more he studied in the works of various masters the qualities he had determined to attain himself. It was not till 1820 that he discarded precedent, found his own methods, revelled in the possibilities of his delicately deliberate handling, and strove for his own ideal. He was thus fitted for another fifteen years. By 1835 he reached the zenith of the Art he practised, at the age of sixty, and for almost a decade he stayed on the mountain summits of achievement, moved only by the deep tide of his own emotions, and careless of everything save of the imperious call to reproduce them.

It was five years after he had become an Academician, and in the midst of his researches into other men's effects, that he thought of the natural result, the "*Liber Studiorum*," and began its publication, which went on at intervals for twelve years, in one-and-seventy plates. In 1805 he was again in Switzerland and on the Rhine, and had studied the Falls of Schaffhausen. By 1812 he was able to build a house for himself, with a picture gallery, at 47, Queen Anne Street West, and in the next year he bought Sandycombe Lodge at Twickenham, which he kept for a long time, using an old bay horse and a gig to drive about and do his sketches. It was in this period, too,

that must be placed his friendship with Walter Fawkes, the Squire of Farnley Hall, seven miles from Harrogate, above the Wharfe. This added an unaccustomed charm to the pleasure Yorkshire always gave him, and how deeply he felt it may be judged from the fact that he could never bear to go back to Farnley after his friend died in 1825. The family spoke of him as "Little Turner," when they all went together to a Fourth of June at Eton; and he was as good friends with the boy Hawksworth as with all young things. "Come along, Hawkey," he cried once; "we will see what we can do for papa." And to the unutterable amazement of the family, the boy sat beside the painter, while he did what Mr. Fawkes had suggested, "something that should show the *size* of a ship of the line," a subject after Turner's own heart, and magnificently worked out in the picture (No. 1.) of Portsmouth, reproduced in these pages. That was the only time he was ever seen at work in all the years they knew him. Another attractive and significant trace of his general good-temper when staying with his Farnley friends may possibly be found in his marginal note to the Proof of "Plymouth Dock," which is endorsed by Cooke as "sent by post from Mr. Fawkes's seat in Yorkshire." Turner's remark on a group of sailors in the foreground is: "Can make the fiddle more distinct," followed by a delightful little sketch of a fiddle, to give the engraver the spirit of the thing. One day he looked at the hill in front of Farnley Hall overshadowed by a thundercloud, and turning, "You will see that again," he told them, "and it will be called 'Hannibal Crossing the Alps.'" The picture was exhibited in 1812. It appears that he also borrowed their "Pallas and Athene," by Guercino, and kept it for a long time. But whether he meant to use the figures in his own compositions is very doubtful. He could draw figures well enough at that time when he liked. He always preserved the power of giving exactly the impression of movement or interest he wanted. He only neglected human anatomy when he thought (however wrongly) that it ought to be subordinated to the main conception.

Petworth was another of the few great houses where he was welcome, and there, too, he must have seen many a suggestive picture on the walls. But he was not so intimate a member of Lord

Egremont's household as of the Fawkes family, and infinitely preferred being left to himself to any "showing off." His next best friend, an early one, was William Frederick Wells, with whom he often went sketching, and whose death in 1836 deeply affected him. Again, we hear of his light-hearted frolics with the children of the house. Almost the only other figure that we can imagine in the charmed circle of his rare intimacies is that of the Rev. Henry Scott Trimmer, Vicar of Heaton, with whose boys he loved to fish, and there are strange rumours of rough, bashful love stories in the brief correspondence that was one result of this.

Turner must have been somewhat inarticulate in speech all his life. He could speak strongly when he liked. The racy flavour of the soil had not been unknown to him from earliest Covent Garden days. But he knew his limitations, and clave to the one kingdom of the Art which had no boundaries for his brush and pencil. Yet to say that he could neither read nor write is gross exaggeration; and he was evidently deeply impressed, too, with whatever translations of the classics, or poems of the greater Englishmen, he had chanced upon. It is for the picture of Hannibal already mentioned that the first quotation occurs from that poem of his own, "The Fallacies of Hope," which was preserved only in the Catalogues of the Royal Academy, but which has gained a greater chance of immortality than many a better writer's lines. That there are fine thoughts in it, finely expressed, is evident from the only couplet I need quote:—

"... While the fierce archer of the downward year  
Stains Italy's blanched barrier with storms. . . ."

To the painter who wrote that, literary criticism should be dumb. The channels of verbiage were choked in him. He knew not how to use the unfamiliar implements of an alien Art. But the spirit of it was his. A lonely life of travelling to and fro never helped him to improve, by conversation, what little speech he had. His letters are almost all mere business interludes. His real speech was in his pictures, and they are often the only record of his movements that exists, except in his own notes or other people's correspondence. Sir Thomas Lawrence was in Rome, for instance, in the summer of 1819,



and wrote to some mutual acquaintances to urge Turner to come out there. The date of January 15th, 1820, in Turner's handwriting on the Farnley drawing of Mont Cenis, suggests the time when he may have returned from Italy.

This uncertainty in facts and dates is conspicuous with his Continental tours, and to a lesser degree with his countless wanderings in England. We know that about 1814 he undertook a series of English coast scenery for Mr. W. B. Cooke, which began at St. Michael's Mount, and, when it was finished twelve years later, embraced most of the sea line from Ramsgate to Land's End. Such a picture as "Crossing the Brook" (No. 497 in the National Gallery) is the proof at once of the deep impression made upon him by Devonshire and Cornwall scenery, and of an advance in the technique of oils which decisively shows the greatness of his Art, and which foreshadowed the still finer triumphs of his water-colours.

It must be remembered that Turner lived in stirring times. In our day, the latest struggle in which English soldiers were engaged in Europe against civilised opponents has been the Crimean War. It is true that we have rarely been without some fighting of a sort ever since; and the prolonged campaign in South Africa has taught us more than any lesson we have received since London saw the Guards come home from the starving trenches of Sebastopol. It is true, too, that many of us can still remember the Franco-Prussian War, the heroic struggles round Plevna, the one-sided fighting in Cuba and the Philippines. But nothing of all these produced the thrill that went through England when the stage-coaches brought the news of Trafalgar and, ten years later, of the stricken field of Waterloo. The first was followed by "The Garden of the Hesperides" (No. 477 in the National Gallery); the second was in the year when "Crossing the Brook" was painted, and when the artist put a price of £500 on his "Dido Building Carthage," a value that grew higher than money in his mind as years went on, for he refused £5,000 for it when Sir Robert Peel wished to buy it for the nation, and he bequeathed it to his country in his will. The effect of "outside" events upon a sensitive mind is far greater than we can ever estimate. Travelling as Turner did, not only all over England, but over large tracts of the Continent as well, he could not but be influenced by the events that were then changing

the whole map of Europe. It is not too much to say that they raised his conceptions to a higher pitch than would otherwise have been the case. Peace hath her victories, but they are not the victories of Art.

If the total of Turner's property as revealed in his will did not do away with the idea that he was unappreciated in his lifetime, there is a little sentence on record in Sir Walter Scott's letters which would throw quite sufficient light upon the subject. In 1818 Turner and the great Sir Walter were associated in the production of one of the usual picture serials, "*Provincial Antiquities*." There were few other publications of this kind that could command, or ever have commanded, such a great collaboration. When the pictures were good the letterpress was usually inane. The text to the first edition of the engravings done from the "*Rivers of France*" is a sufficient example; and in much of the South Coast work Turner had to suffer from the ineptitudes of the author of "*Dr. Syntax*," which have dulled even the robust wit of Rowlandson. Neither of these companions seemed to realise what work was going on at his elbow. In one there is scarcely a mention of the artist at all. In Mr. Leitch Ritchie's pages we observe the following comment: "I was curious in observing what he made of the objects he selected for his sketches, and was frequently surprised to find what a forcible idea he conveyed of a place with scarcely a single correct detail." That exhausts Mr. Ritchie's understanding. Yet even when Scott and Turner worked together, neither seems to have realised the value of his comrade. Scott writes that he "supposed he must acquiesce in the selection of the artist, because he was all the fashion," and that is all. Lockhart knew better, or says he did. But in any case Scott's little phrase betrays that Turner was no neglected genius struggling for recognition when he was forty-three. In the next year Turner was in Rome; and one, at any rate, of his journeys in France, which resulted in his pictures of the Seine and Loire, was apparently undertaken about 1821. Three years later he was publishing his "*Rivers of England*" with W. B. Cooke, in which the mastery of his light and shade in water-colour is especially notable. In 1826 he was issuing a strangely worded prospectus for his "*Harbours of*

England," the letterpress to which was illuminated by the felicitous insight of Ruskin, to whom the nation will always owe an inextinguishable debt for the arrangement and preservation in the National Gallery not only of the original completed pictures, but of countless sketches and studies that help us to realise this secretive artist's methods better than those of many a more expansive and more "intelligible" painter.

It will be seen that I have felt obliged occasionally to come to conclusions differing from those of a great writer, to whom praise from me would be as impertinent as censure. But these differences are, as was suggested when I began, the necessary accompaniments of the growth of artistic thought and criticism between the periods marked by the appearance of Ruskin's first volume and by the publication of the last researches of Darwin and of Spencer, researches which must equally affect every department of philosophical inquiry without exception. It is with the causes and the definitions of Ruskin that I find myself at variance. To his industrious descriptions, his unrivalled eloquence, his deep sympathy, no one who loves Turner can ever be indifferent; and Turner's fame no doubt enjoys the unique advantage of having obtained an exposition of his Art from the only real artist in words who has ever devoted his great talents to the discussion of painting. It is by Ruskin's loving care and unremitting labour that we are enabled to follow, in Turner's sketches and water-colour drawings, that unbroken chain of unceasing difficulty overcome which was the artist's true career. Faultless in colour according to their aim, they are based on an intense study of Nature, which realises that Beauty and Character are higher requirements in Art than even Truth, and which results in the triumphant exposition of a light and shade which (for the first time in water-colour) are as true when you are close to the picture as when you are at a distance from it. They show, as nothing else in Turner's Art can show, that he understood, in all their range, the possibilities of noble emotion which exist in landscape, and the channels through which such emotion can be transferred to all who see his pictures. His ardour in his work—that ardour which brings it so closely to our hearts when we regard it—may be judged from the fact that at least 21,000 works in different mediums and in different

degrees of finish can certainly be traced to his hand; this means that not a single day of his working life would be accounted barren in averaging its result. Of this vast total, some two thousand may be considered as having been finished to his mind, painted without any of the "assistance" we hear of in other studies, painted without the aid of photography, and based wholly on his own labours, for it is only in some of his work for illustrated serial publications that he necessarily depended on other people's sketches, now and then, for his bare facts. Apart from Gainsborough's exquisite sketches, that rapid and prolific artist left "only" a thousand pictures. Talent does what it can. Genius creates because it must. No greater proof could be desired of the lifelong watchfulness of Nature that was Turner's very being; of the passionate determination to master her secrets and create new Beauty for himself that was his Art; of the urgent desire that drove him to tell all he knew, where such a man as Poussin limited himself to one orderly design after another.

Of the typical facts in Turner's life that influenced that portion of his Art with which we are immediately concerned, I have written, here and now, sufficient. Much has been said of his "isolation." But this was not the lonely desolation that cries out to the deaf ears of a crowd; it was the inevitable and voluntary isolation of a great artistic spirit on its own heights, alone because it cared for no company save the highest. Of Turner as a creative force his pictures are the best evidence, and they speak for themselves. Of the man's character who made them you must take what impression has been possible from these imperfect pages—the impressions of a strong, lonely, laborious being, open to every call of the physical senses in their whole gamut from the highest to the depths; narrowed in scholarship, but full of right appreciation based on native sense, and upon sound, inborn honesty of taste.

A few of the rough syllables of his infrequent speech have been preserved. "I never lose an accident," he said once. "An accident" here means one of those felicitous, natural occurrences which most painters try to invent, which a few see and wrongly reproduce, which fewer still observe and rightly use. They are, in its correct sense, "the inventions" of the great painter. Again, "What are you in



search of?" he would ask a comrade, feeling that unless the man was gripped by the true spirit of the scene, and only sought those facts in it which illustrated and amplified that spirit, he would do nothing. His strong common-sense prevented him from thinking either that a painter was a "man of the world," who might happily turn his hand to anything, or that the ordinary person was (at first hand) moved by the same impressions as himself when faced by the same scene. When told how strongly one of his sea-pieces had recalled the incidents of a storm to a lady who had just crossed the Channel, "Is your mother a painter?" he suggested. "No." "Then she ought to have been thinking of something else." Her mind, he implied, should have been bent on the material safety of the ship and of those dear to her, on anything rather than the elements of the scene which an artist must know in order to reproduce its spirit.

It has been thought, with a most unintelligent unfairness, that he was miserly and mean because he left over £100,000 as the result of a life's work, and lived as plainly as a barber's son during the most part of it. But one form of living was the same to him as another, and luxury, as such, was never an essential to him. The earliest lessons he had ever had were "Diligence and Thrift." They served him to the end. But his Thrift was never meanness; it was the rough, deliberate valuation of things by his own standard. In his business dealings the same rough sense of justice moved him. "The purchaser must take his chance," he cried, feeling that not for any purse was his best Art a prostitute. "Well," he argued on another occasion, "Mr. Blank had the companion picture for so much. You must be on the same footing." It happened that the earlier picture had been sold when the mere market value of his painting was but at a quarter of the height to which it had arisen when these words were uttered. But he would have said the same, and no doubt kept the picture, if the reverse process had conceivably occurred. His gruff externals, even in doing acts of unmistakable kindness, seem to have impressed some writers with the idea that he was harsh by nature. Nothing could be less true to facts. He had, wrote his most passionate friend, "a heart as intensely kind, as nobly true, as ever God gave to one of His creatures." Knowing his own sensitiveness, he

strove often to save himself from unnecessary shock, and therefore often closed those avenues of speech and feeling which are always so obvious in the man whose thoughts and sentiments are only surface-deep. The tales are well known of his proceedings in the Academy when the pictures were being hung; of his taking away one of his own to give a rising man a chance; or altering his own tints with a temporary wash of darker colour, to avoid overpowering the hues of neighbouring canvases; or gruffly defending some brother-artist from attack. The greater portion of his will was taken up with the endeavour to express his wishes that some institution should be founded for the benefit of deserving members of his own profession who had not attained his own high measure of success. Criticism of his work by one who really could understand his aims he felt was almost impossible. Yet the exaggerated adulations of his most clamant champion did not always give him pleasure. He felt that the work must make its own appeal. It was only when he felt that his own failing physical forces were weakening that appeal that he was really moved to cry out against injustice. "A man may be weak in his age, but you should not tell him so."

He died in Chelsea on the 19th of December, 1851, tended only by a woman no one knew, and discovered in his last hiding-place only by another woman, not his wife, who had been left as caretaker of the Queen Anne Street house. He lies buried by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the crypt of St. Paul's. In that little attic near Cremorne Pier, some three miles west of the scene of his first picture exhibited in the Royal Academy, he painted (between January and April, 1850) "Mercury and Æneas," "Æneas and Dido," "The Departure of Æneas," "The Visit to the Tomb." The spirit of Carlyle still broods over that same reach of river beyond my windows now. On one side of it are the memories of William Ernest Henley; on the other, those of Whistler, both so lately dead. But in the death of Turner it has been consecrated for ever; and in him the contrasts of his life continued to the very end. His Art, that could not die, was fitly commemorated in the Cathedral of his country where the ashes of Nelson are sheltered beneath the same mighty dome. The dust of him, and all that was but material in that subtly complicated

nature, was fitly ended in that obscure lodging-house. But on the dead face his friends saw the shining light of the transfiguring sun; and the dead body lay by—

The ancient River, singing as he goes  
New-mailed in morning to the Ancient Sea.

#### IV.

IN our progress towards the just consideration of the pictures published in this volume, we have reached certain conclusions about the principles of the Art which inspired them, about

**THE HARBOURS** the development of that branch of Art which they  
**AND RIVERS** so brilliantly exemplify, and about the man who  
**OF ENGLAND.** made them. We can now consider quite shortly,

and with a mind freed from unessentials, the details of these water-colour drawings in the two main series that have been chosen in accordance with Turner's own often-expressed wish that his works should be "kept together." So here the best of the harbours and the rivers of England that he drew are "kept together," and the scenes upon the Seine that most attracted him are placed beside each other separately. When we have looked more closely at them, we shall be able to realise with greater truth what Turner's Art really means; and this will be our last thought together. But first, and now, of these Harbours of England and her streams.

The pictures chosen for reproduction may all be studied in the Water-Colour Rooms chiefly devoted to Turner's work in the basement of the National Gallery on the right side of the entrance. There is a good light sometimes, and often there is sufficient light, in those four rooms which contain the originals of the *Liber Studiorum*, the representative drawings selected by Ruskin for their "exemplary and illustrative" character, and the miscellaneous collection of sketches of all periods, only recently framed and exhibited in Rooms III. and IV.

Besides all this, the student, on obtaining special permission, may be guided by one of the most intelligent public servants we possess through the wealth of pictures contained in closed cabinets in a different room. It is from these that specimens are taken in rotation for exhibition in the public room. But the vast majority are protected from light and decay not only in frames beneath glass, but in specially constructed and beautifully devised cabinets, the first of which (for his "first hundred" chosen drawings) Ruskin himself provided and designed. Four hundred drawings are thus preserved. The visitor to the National Gallery could have no better guide to them than that volume of "Ruskin on Pictures" which deals specially with Turner, and is edited by Mr. E. T. Cook. Any reader of these pages who wishes to consult the originals will be able to find them at once by the numbers placed after the title of each picture in a separate list on p. v. of this book. The first, for example, in the series I have here arranged is No. 379 in the National Gallery. My eighteenth plate is No. 168 in that collection; and so forth. But as the value of this volume is that for the first time it puts into the reader's hands, at his own home, the closest reproductions possible of Turner's actual colour, I have adopted an arrangement which has greater regard for that reader's pleasure and convenience than for any previous catalogues. Ruskin made classifications according to the merit he discerned in various drawings. Previous publishers have been guided by the exigences of engraving. Turner himself produces somewhat vague results by giving titles to his different collections which are, in most cases, far too expansive for the material they now actually contain. Still, his intentions are so clear, and his expressed wish to "keep them together" ought to be so sacred, that though the Rhone and the Garonne, for example, do not occur in his "Rivers of France," and though there are similarly striking omissions in his "Harbours" and his "Rivers of England," yet it has been possible, by a slight alteration in the position of various plates from that hitherto employed, to abide by their maker's desire, and to present them to the modern reader in a convenient form.

Nine of the "Harbours" are here reproduced—Portsmouth, Sheerness, Dover, the Medway, Ramsgate, the Humber, North Shields, Whitby,



and Scarborough. In dividing them from pictures formerly labelled "Rivers," I have been chiefly actuated by the feeling that as these all showed the sea as their chief feature, and were in most cases first sketched from a boat at sea, their position under the heading of "Harbours" was more logical, and more likely to secure them justice as a whole. There are fourteen reproductions from the originals coming under the title of "Rivers of England," an elastic title which really only assures us that all are pictures done inland, or with the feeling of the land-interest very prominent; and it will be seen that in several the connection with an English river is so slight that it can have been only present in the mind of the artist, who happened to be near a certain stream when the beauties of a landscape not far off attracted him sufficiently to make a picture of it. "Okehampton Castle," "Arundel Park," and "Kirkstall Abbey" are examples of the lax way in which the title was originally applied; "Rochester," "Stangate Creek," and "Dartmouth Castle" of its just application. Yet even when you wonder in vain why some exquisite picture is called a "River of England," you will always see, in every one of the fourteen here given, that Turner's delight in the forms of water, and in the beauties of air, atmosphere, and growth near water, is an abiding and constant thread of consecutive interest. In the "Totnes," and, more wonderfully than all, in the "Norham Castle," this is particularly noticeable. Both in this last picture and in "Brougham Castle" the Art with which the reflection is managed is to be carefully observed—for this especial skill in water-surface is one of the greatest of Turner's artistic achievements. He renders its peculiar texture, its liquid look when it reflects nothing but sky and air, as no one else has done in the same medium; and his drawing of a far-off sweep of river is equally masterly. The careful, scientific researches of Sir Montagu Pollock into the phenomena of light, and of reflections on water, should be consulted by any student who desires to go further into this matter; and he will find as much done in those pages towards explaining Turner's perspective in reflected images, as Ruskin did to explain his perspective of clouds. The artist seems to have seen intuitively what his commentators have had to work out by abstruse mathematical calculations; but a further reference to these

various points will be more appropriate when we consider the "Rivers of France," especially his views of Jumièges, of Vernon, and of Caudebec.

I cannot too often repeat, too, that you must not look for fidelity to facts in these pictures. There are some seventy years between the dates when Turner saw the scenes he drew, and when you look at them to-day. So much is obvious. But he was not even faithful to what he saw seventy years ago. By 1802, when he was twenty-seven, he had already given up any effort to depict reality, in such pictures as that of Kilchurn on Loch Awe. When he first added the letters "R.A." to his name, he had made up his mind that his own impressions were the most important thing. His subsequent study only confirmed that. These drawings, and still more so, the "Rivers of France," are the result of a ripened conviction and a steadily improving handicraft. If you need accurate "views" of these places, you must buy photographs. It is, however, very interesting to observe, in both the series here given, that the artist was at work just when steam was beginning to supersede all other forms of locomotion on the water, but when the beauty of sails had far from wholly vanished; when the majesty of the old three-decker was still visible, even though a panting, iron tug-boat must tow to their last moorings the towering wooden walls of English oak. Not only did that idea appeal to Turner; he saw that picturesqueness was possible even in the new monster—the foam of paddle-wheels, the drifting clouds of smoke, the reek of fire, and oil, and commerce.

But it was the sailing-boat herself that, next to the sea which bore her, was Turner's greatest joy, in all her various forms. Countrymen of his look upon the sea with eyes different from those of any nation not our own. Wherever he may be, the sea is the way home to every Englishman; and the boat is the most perfect thing that ever the hands of man have made for his service, the nearest thing to life, the body that cries out loudest for a sentient soul—one of the most "beautiful" of his creations, because her "fitness" for her service of the sea is so exquisitely "expressed" in every line of her. By the close of the eighteenth century, and the first decade of the nineteenth, England's navy had won the right to be loved not for itself alone, but for what it meant as well; and there is not a

single painter in the history of Art till then who had painted a ship as Turner could. No, not a Dutchman of them all, in spite of De Ruyter and Van Tromp; not an Italian either, in spite of Titian or Tintoret; neither Claude nor Salvatore after them. It was, no doubt, Turner's journeys round the Southern Coast which fixed in his mind that passion for ships he had begun in London Pool, and all along the London Docks. In oil-colour by far his greatest achievements are, to my mind, the two paintings inspired by this subject—the "Ulysses" at sunrise, and the "Téméraire" at sunset, the first idea for which we may perhaps see shaping itself in that view between Quilleboeuf and Villequier, which is my 34th plate. He seems early to have felt that atmosphere of awe, of danger, of romance to which a ship must ever move imaginative minds, just as he felt the mystery of Ocean's strength and fury, a mystery which remains even in his calmest picture, such as No. 9 in this series. And if his water is an element that moves with an innate, apparent power, so his boats float on it. They are not painted ships that stick up out of a line of different-coloured paint. You can see them heeling to the breeze in the "Whitby" (No. 8), or lifted on a wave in the "Ramsgate" (No. 5), as no one had dared to draw a brig before. He loved them all, in all their shapes and sizes—the broad-ruddered barges of Loire, the drooping sails and angry tugs of Seine, the dreaming prows of gondolas at Venice; the majestic mass of battleships at Portsmouth or Sheerness. It is for this very reason that these two drawings are here placed the first, to lead the series, for this ship of the line in the "Portsmouth" is the finest Turner ever drew.

Another thing must be kept in mind before you turn to the pictures themselves. It is that in nearly every case they were done with the direct, immediate purpose of engraving. Six of these "Harbours" were excellently engraved in mezzotint for publication in 1826 by Thomas Lupton, who was worthy of the task; and the four best specimens of Lupton's work (my numbers 1, 2, 8, and 9) were included in that volume. No doubt this double purpose influenced Turner's pencil to a certain slight degree; his colour was to be reproduced in black and white; the limits of his "frame" had to be filled in by means of a tool which had to be given something to work upon. Broad and

simple tones could not, in fact, be carried on to copper, for line engraving, though mezzotint might to some extent get nearer to rendering them. But his double purpose weakened him far less in these "Harbours" than in many other works of the kind. The four I have mentioned are great both in original and in engraving. There is no doubt that the work he gave them to copy, and the care with which he supervised their efforts, largely helped to make a school of engravers, who were alone in their dexterity of line, in spite of many faults.

My reader will find, if he cares to compare the plates in this book with Lupton's engravings, in front of the originals, that he has in several cases got a different picture now, and one far closer to the artist's own conception. I shall point out, when it seems necessary, a few examples where the engraving seems to have spoilt the original drawing, so that those who possess these pages may the better appreciate their value. But that is not wholly what I wish now to emphasise. It is, rather, that Turner's water-colour was so great, so original, and so "untranslatable" an Art, that if you cannot see the exact paper on which his hand worked, you must at least see the nearest thing possible to it, not only in line, but in colour too. So deeply did Turner feel for all he did in water-colour, that he deliberately withdrew it from the test of public exhibition or competition, and after 1815 he only exhibited four water-colours in the Royal Academy, of which the "Funeral of Lawrence" is rather a feat of memory, a marvellous record of the event of the day, an astonishing bit of journalism, than a work of Art. It is true that Turner sold several drawings he made for the brothers Cooke at the exhibitions held in their gallery. Still, we can see from the contents of this book—all pictures he left to the nation in his will—that he kept the best himself, whatever else he sold or showed in the galleries of the Birmingham Society of Artists or the Newcastle Academy. In Ruskin's opinion, Turner's "Humber" and "Sheerness" are at the very highest level of his achievements, and to be placed among the greatest of his work. Certainly the "Harbours," as was appropriate to their subject, are more nobly conceived than the "Rivers"; but the fifteen drawings which Turner originally did for grouping under this heading were so dear to



him that he kept them together, always, in his own possession, as separate creations, though they were first made for publication by engraving, and were indeed skilfully produced in mezzotint in the best way the engraver had at his command. Ruskin's choice in them was the "Okehampton," the "More Park," and the "Norham"; and than this last I find it indeed difficult to choose a superior in that branch of Turner's work. It was a favourite subject of his, and recurs in the "Liber Studiorum"; and I seem to see in it a memory of his great rival Girtin. In everything but method these "English Rivers" are akin to the "French Rivers," but they are painted in transparent colour on white paper, whereas the French pictures are body colour upon tinted paper. Both these series show the right and strong stress which Turner laid on draughtsmanship, on pure drawing, on sound outline, as a basis for all colour. The pen and pencil sketches preserved in the National Gallery are one proof of this, and where they are evidently the foundation for one of the pictures here reproduced they will be of particular interest to my reader. In the frame numbered 443 in the National Gallery, you may, for instance, see the sketches Turner made on the spot at Havre, Caudebec, and Saumur; in No. 575, the original study made from the terrace of St. Germain. Not only were these countless drawings valuable as the foundation of his pictures; the constant practice with a lead-pencil gave him also extraordinary precision of touch when he took up his brush. The very time when so many critics were exclaiming that he could not draw, however finely he could colour, was the time when his pencil drawings were most numerous and excellent—from 1830 to 1845—for it is a sound truth that no one can be a great colourist who is not a great draughtsman too.

In answering the complaint that Turner used "illegitimate" methods in his water-colours, Ruskin satisfied himself—and there can be no better authority on the point—that the artist worked "straight-forward upon his drawings, neither altering them, nor using any of the mechanical expedients for softening tints so frequently employed by inferior water-colour painters." This is certainly true of the perfected specimens of his best period, whatever he may have done in younger days; for he laid the main masses "in broad tints, working the

details over these, never effacing or sponging, but taking every advantage of the wetness of the colour, when first laid, to bring out soft lights with the point of the brush, or scratch out bright ones with the end of the stick, so driving the wet colour in a dark line to the edge of the light." No student of Turner's had so great a right to speak on these matters as the writer I have here quoted, and I therefore leave his words unchanged. "When these primary modifications of the wet colour had been obtained, the drawing was continued with clear, firm, and unalterable touches one over another, or one into the interstices of another, *never* disturbing them by any general wash, using friction only where roughness of surface was locally required, and rarely even taking out minute lights; but leaving them from the first, and working round and up to them, and very frequently drawing thin, dark outlines merely by putting a little more water into the wet touches, so as to drive the colour to the edge as it dries." I can myself find no parallel in handicraft to the way Turner would draw the broken edge of a cloud in one modulated dash of the brush, varying the pressure without ever moving it from the surface, except in the work of the best Japanese, and the old Chinese landscape artists.

It was in this branch of his Art that Turner is not only more independent and spontaneous than in oils, but also far more logical. Indeed, whatever else may be taken from him, this must remain—that he was the first, as he has hitherto been the best, of the great water-colour painters. He had, in fact, created an Art in which he cared to appear in rivalry with no one; feeling perhaps that his oil-colour was good enough for anyone who saw his pictures, but that his water-colour was his own, as his best work. This is why he almost always kept his originals after an engraver had worked at them; and he may also have suspected that water-colour is the ruin of the smaller men, and not wished, therefore, to encourage competition at such risk to others. After 1804, when he first steadfastly formed his own ideals, apart even from Girtin, he exhibited only fifteen water-colours in London up to the day of his death, and it must be remembered that the first exhibition of the Water-Colour Society took place in 1805. By 1807 he had practically confined his Academy pictures to

oil-colour, in which the actual line was so artfully concealed that critics who knew little of his water-colour work had nothing to help them in discovering his skill of draughtsmanship. At first his Art had had somewhat similar aims in both mediums. Afterwards his water-colour developed freely on its own lines, without consideration for the public, or for prices, or even for engravers, if any of these interfered with his own sincere and unfettered communion with the moods of Nature and his interpretation of them. There are several examples in the "Harbours" and the "Rivers" which show that his new Art could compete with oil and rise superior to it. The French river scenes prove that even more clearly. And there is one last point in this connection, of the greatest significance. His oil-colours changed even in his lifetime, and are changing still—as to which more must be noted later. But his water-colour, if only all of it is as carefully preserved as that part which the nation owes to Ruskin, will never change nor fade while it is properly preserved from those effects of daylight which have been proved to be injurious to it. For this reason, Henry Vaughan stipulated that the collections he left to the National Galleries of Ireland and Scotland should only be publicly exhibited in January; and for this reason the originals from which the following plates have been reproduced pass three-fourths of their existence in the cabinets Ruskin planned for them.

For English readers I have little need to explain English scenes, or even hint at either geography or history. The few words that must be added are but hints as to a few special beauties that must be chiefly noticed in the artist's workmanship. "Portsmouth," the first, shows the most majestic ship of the line which Turner ever drew. Expert naval opinion has announced that her jib would not be wanted and that the fore-topgallant would never be set while main- and mizen-topgallants are still furled, for all the men would be in the yards at once. But this matters nothing to a picture that is not a Grammar for budding midshipmen on board a naval school. We can admire the magnificent impression of her bulk, and the slow swing forward of her oak-timbered sides, to which the masts beyond, the crowded town, the very church-towers lend an added significance, an added dignity. Observe the buoy that tosses in the left foreground,

and the wave that rises over the shoal it marks. See how the crest curls over, firm and strong, balanced in the sky above by the opposite roll of the banked cloud beyond the town. In Lupton's engraving this wave is altered, by Turner or another, into a sparkling line of white foam that "brightens the plate" indeed, but is not half so fine as this.

It would be difficult to find a nobler sea-piece—even in Turner—than the "Sheerness" (No. 2). Here the great line-of-battle ship is a shadow of contained strength, looming in the distance, beneath a wondrous sky full of the menaces of gloom and tempest, more impressive than the black clouds at Dover or at Ramsgate, because more full of lurid possibilities of evil. Here Lupton's engraving became inspired. He saw the exquisite mastery of every line, of every graduating tone. The heaving buoy repeats the lustrous black upon the round bows of the sloop. The lovely curves of her sails that catch the light contrast with her black, shining side, uplifted on the shining sea. The little waves of troubled water slip off towards the brig behind in living curves of liquid strength and beauty; a far finer sea, and a far finer picture, than the "Dover," for which Lupton's engraving has been scratched into sparkling lights to make it "lively." With the same damning object, some white birds are salted along the foreground to give it flavour, and to destroy the composition. I have reproduced Lupton's work here so that it may be compared with the painting reproduced in my third plate. He gave the first proof, containing these seagulls, to the British Museum, where it may be studied in the Print Room. A most interesting parallel to these gulls may be found in the Print Room in the engravings by R. Wallis of Warwick Castle. In that numbered (1889, 7, 24, 148) there is nothing on the water in the foreground, evidently as in the original. In that numbered (1, 50, 12, 26) one swan is put in on the water shadowed by the trees, and another dives beside it. No doubt Turner was himself responsible for much of this alteration in his perpetual effort to get effects out of line, and black and white, which were only possible in colour. On the margin, for instance, of George Cooke's engraving of Gledhow (published in 1820) he wrote: "Make the lights produced by the scraper very brilliant." Again, on the margin of





DOVER.  
FROM THOMAS LUTON'S ENGRAVING  
OF TURNER'S WATER-COLOUR.



William Miller's engraving (made in 1840) of his "Modern Italy," Turner marks the end of a broken bough as wrongly done: "This part I must ask you to take out"—adding a sketch to show he meant the wood to be "slivered off," in order to give a touch of light among the foliage. In the same way he speaks of having altered the sky in two proofs of the same engraving: "This being touched with chalk, the last with pencil; if you cannot do all the chalk by burnishing out for fear of making the sky cotton, then the pencil'd one. . . ." It matters little that in Turner's drawing of Dover the barracks are perched like an Alpine hospice upon a beetling crag, or that the town is sunk beneath cliffs that look three times higher than they do to you and me. The picture is Turner's impression of the place, seen from a boat at sea, and it is full of the peculiar graces of his skilful handicraft, of a resource that never fails, never repeats itself. The black sails of the brig on the right show up against the light mass of the cliff, and make the little white fishing smack tell out at her right distance from the shore. The line of the rounded hill upon the left is repeated in the rounded jetty underneath it, and the crossing boats below make a completed harmony of that side of the picture. The tortured sea, fretted with wind and currents contrary, makes us as glad to see the land above it as if we had just finished a stormy crossing from the Straits outside. The thought of danger conquered, of safety in an English port, is uppermost again in the splendid drawing of Ramsgate (No. 8), where Turner draws what no one before him had ventured to express—the wild lift of the brig upon a breaker "As some strong swimmer is uplifted, Horsed on a streaming shoulder of the sea." There is a very fine example of the solidity of mind with which Turner's notes of a place were made in the fact that the elements which compose this picture were used three years before, and painted at the same moment of the day from a different point of view, in the "South Coast" series. A better instance of the creative imagination could scarcely be given than this rearrangement of old details into a fresh, organic whole. There are many who think that "The Humber" (No. 6) is even finer than the "Sheerness" in the rush of its running surge that lifts the sailing-barge, and the scurry of

wet wind that bellies her flapping sail. But the conception and the choice of subject are not on so noble a plane, finely as they are treated here.

After so much turmoil and storm, the exquisite calm of the "Scarborough" (No. 9) is a fitting ending to the nine pictures of the Ports of England. In the glitter of the morning sky the still sea trembles and is at rest. The sense of peace and monotony is delicately conveyed, not only by the reflections in the quiet water and the wet sand, but by the deliberate doubling of one line after another in the composition. The way the colour is laid on in the original is one of the mysteries of Turner's Water-Colour Art which no one has yet been able to explain.

The pictures that were suggested to him by his journeyings near some of England's rivers make their own appeal, and need little else from me. But I cannot be silent as to my two favourites—"Dartmouth Castle" (No. 14), shining golden in the sunlight above the blue of the estuary; and "Norham Castle" (No. 23), one of the grandest pictures of its kind that Turner ever painted. In this, as in other pictures, his architecture is not drawn, but built. His masses of stone are not perspective sketches upon paper; they press firmly down on their foundations in the solid earth. The ruined keep of Norham stands almost in the very centre of the sun-rays, forcing the gold and crimson into a glow of tremendous colour, all kept in perfect balance by the gorgeous yet restrained reflections in the stream beneath. It is a great imagination of the history in our quiet English countryside, and with it in our hearts we may cross the Channel safely, to watch the even greater triumphs that the Seine is to call forth from the same marvellous workmanship, the same honest, English soul.



V.

THERE are thirty-five water-colour drawings by Turner in the National Gallery representing various views on the Seine from its mouth as far up as Troyes. They are the most connected series of

**THE RIVER  
SEINE.**

pictures of their kind he ever completed, and they include two exquisite vignettes, the "Light-Towers of the Hève," to begin the series, and the "Château Gaillard," to complete it. I have arranged them in the order that a traveller would pass the various places they represent if he journeyed up the river from Havre; and, as before, the number of the original picture in the National Gallery is preserved for reference in a separate list. Now and then I have slightly altered the title by which engravings from these pictures have hitherto been known, but only when the old wording was obviously inappropriate or misleading, and in all cases with a view to the convenience of my present readers. I should, for instance, see no irreverence either to Turner or to his Art, in asking why a view of the Campagna should still be called "Hindoo Devotions," merely because that extraordinary title has been preserved in the "Liber Studiorum." The "Rivers of England," originally painted in transparent colour upon white, appeared as engravings from 1823 to 1827, the "Harbours" being dated from 1826 to 1828, and six new plates were added to them five years after Turner's death. But the "Rivers of France," though probably done between 1820 and 1823, did not appear as engravings until 1833, being published gradually between that date and 1835.

If I were asked to point to one evidence, and one only, of Turner's exquisite taste in selection, I should choose the two vignettes painted near Havre and Les Andelys. Visibly poetical, like a sonnet in paint, each comes suddenly, as it were, out of nothing, as if the paper surface had suddenly glowed into the substance of a vision. The "Light-Towers of the Hève" (No. 24) are probably the first things Turner saw as he came near France in the boat from England. The plate from which the first engraving of this was made has now

been lost. The "Ferry of Petit Andelys," as Turner himself called the lovely view of Château Gaillard from the South (No. 58), may well have formed his last impression of the towers of France along the Seine—a fortress built by an English king, still standing like a rock upon the rocks from which it grows. The dark precipice that rises from the river is the height from which Richard threw three of his prisoners headlong when his Welsh troops in the valley behind had been beaten by the French. He held his "Saucy Castle" till his death, and then King Philip took it against the fleet and army of the Norman-English, under Roger de Lacy. It was finally destroyed by Henri IV. in 1603. The sun is setting behind the rock to the left, above the church spire, which is shown again in the great view of open country in No. 42. The line that crosses this is held up on a pole on each bank, and is meant to pull the ferry-boat to and fro. The sun's rays catch the water in a white streak which just touches the centre of the group of men seen in the foreground hauling at a tow-rope; and beneath the cliff is a line of dark trees growing above the river's bank.

These drawings show, just as strongly as does all his best work, his fondness for the labours of the folk who live by the river. In every picture there is a castle, or a cathedral, or a church, or a bridge, or human habitations of some kind, or a definite trace of human life, the whole suggested with so great a charm that the freedom with which the actual facts are treated is forgotten in the pleasure given by the poetic whole. It is only the prose of sometimes too truthful figures in the foreground that occasionally annoys. You can imagine the man now tramping sturdily from one village to another; now taking the diligence, which he depicts on the post-road between Mantes and Vernon (No. 44), and elsewhere; now going out in the first craft that came handy to get a "point of view"; but never idling down the stream as is the fashion nowadays with undergraduates who float from Oxford even unto Richmond, discovering the various taverns on the way. The particular character of French scenery, too, seems to have appealed to him for this water-colour work more than that of every other country save his own: its cities and towns are so much in harmony with their landscape, par-

ticularly with their river, as he found not only on the Seine, but on the Loire as well.

The actual journeyings of Turner in France were three. In the first he went from Havre up to Rouen by one bank, and returned by the other to Honfleur. In the second he went from Rouen up to Troyes. In his third visit he started at Paris, and from there crossed to the valley of the Loire. The best—and, indeed, the only—contemporaneous records we have of these travels are the sketches he made on the spot for those pictures he meant to finish later on. In the Turner Water-Colour Rooms of the National Gallery you may be shown some of these by the kindness and knowledge of Mr. W. Oldham, probably the only man living who can find his unerring way about that vast collection, because he loves every scrap of paper it contains. The bare totals of the treasures under his charge are extraordinary. In the cabinets are 582 drawings in 460 frames. Of these, 396 are in colour, 56 are pen-and-ink touched with white, and 2 pen-and-ink over pencil; 60 are in pencil only; 55 are pencil touched with white; and 13, pencil touched with colour. On the walls of the four public rooms now opened hang 574 drawings. These include 352 in colour; 85 in pencil; 29 in pen-and-ink, of which 2 are touched with colour, and the others with white; 18 in Indian ink, of which seven are touched with white; 3 crayon drawings; 3 engravings; 73 of the "*Liber Studiorum*," with 8 sketches and 3 tinted etchings for the "*Liber*." This is but the pick of the vast bequest of which the nation profited on Turner's death. There are also loan-collections in all parts of the provinces, in South Kensington, and at Oxford; and, finally, enormous quantities of sketch-books are preserved in a number of huge boxes, not to be destroyed, yet not immediately suitable for study. Two results emerge at once—the first, our debt to Ruskin's energy and enthusiasm in sifting out the best; the second, our better appreciation of the incalculably widespread influence for good which Turner's work, properly used and studied, may for ever exert upon the artistic production of this country.

Of the sketches, we may pick out three as especially appropriate to our present subject, and two of them the reader may compare for himself in the Gallery with the pictures finished from them. The

first is a sketch in colour numbered 443, and it is the study from which the thirty-fifth plate in this book was eventually completed (No. 129 in the Turner Rooms and No. 35 here). Turner's first drawing of Caudebec shows a large building with stone steps in the immediate foreground on the right, beyond which the distant church-spire only just emerges. By a splendid "selection," this was afterwards wholly removed, so that the spire should rise, unencumbered, amid the surrounding verdure, and the eye of the spectator should pass happily from the foreground right on to the slope of the encircling hills, and so along the wooded heights towards the distance. Turner felt, however, that the foreground needed some sort of strengthening in order to give greater effect to the prospect of the country far below; so he introduced another building in the left corner, and the episode of a funeral passing into a cemetery gate. Just beyond the churchyard wall he sets some poplars, with a suggestion of the mournful cypresses of Italy. So, having altered his foreground to his liking, he can proceed to the real picture; and in doing so he found every essential preserved, as was his habit, in the sketch. He had but to complete them with that marvellous memory of his, and with a sky which his engraver (J. B. Allen) seems to have missed. The sun has just set, and there is a new moon. The river is drawn with a particular skill which needs emphasis here. The height of the observer is shown by the fact that nearly all reflection in the water from the banks is lost; and the varying depth of the river as it swings round the curve from side to side is indicated in the most masterly way. The hills, become sheer precipices that crumble into the current, are cut out by the deep sway of the stream at their base. On the other bank, a flat plain, the shallow water idly laps the shore in obviously strengthless ripples. The drawing of the hills themselves, too, is to be carefully observed, especially the strange effect which makes you feel it possible to walk from that quiet church up the slope, and over the mountains into the farthest point of the acclivities where sky and hill and river mingle in the distant mist. This is, of course, the Caudebec in the province of Caux, not the one near Elbeuf; and the nearest station is Yvetot, where lived the delightfully unconventional monarch immortalised by Beranger. Your first impression of Caudebec town is

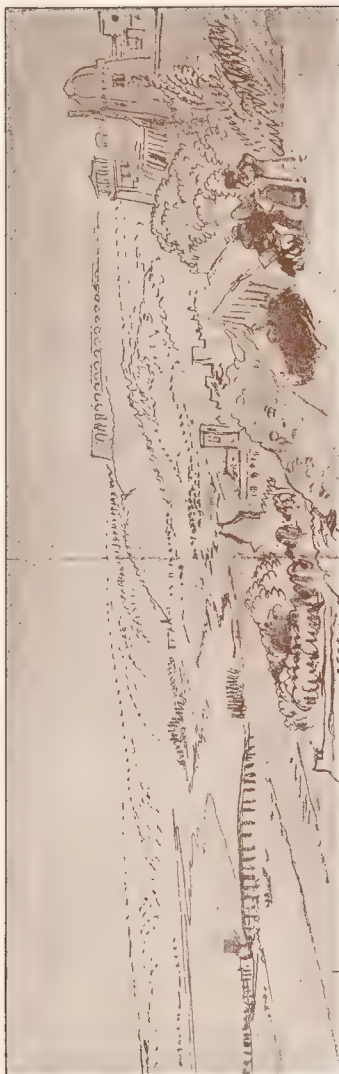


something between Bideford and Bruges, set in a wooded glen that opens on the Seine beside its lovely hills, a river three hundred yards across, and graced with more song-birds than are ever seen elsewhere in France. The magnificent church of Notre Dame, with its triple western portal, its spire a hundred yards and more in height, its nineteen side-chapels, is the central feature; and perhaps Turner knew that the English, who fought up and down the valley of the Seine so many years, took Caudebec in 1410, and held it for almost forty years. But he was probably more interested in hearing of the "Mascaret," the tidal wave that, like the "bore" of Severn, rushes up the river at a given time every morning for four days. The roar and swirl of it are heard from a great distance, and it runs up at thirty miles an hour, swelling the angry stream ten feet above its level, and leaving it boiling with whirlpools and eddies after it has passed. The pace at which such waves can move may best be seen, and even measured, at Mont St. Michel, though on a smaller scale, by anyone who is doubtful of the speed just mentioned. What Turner did not evidently see at Caudebec, he saw, however, at Quilleboëuf, nearer the sea; and in the next sketch I shall mention you will realise how great was the impression which it made on him.

The drawing numbered 428 in the National collection is the original study for the picture which is number 29 in this book, and number 127 in Trafalgar Square. Here Turner has seen the great tidal wave that comes up the river from the sea, and this first sketch shows a cargo-boat wrecked in the smother, and tossed helplessly on the crest of the advancing billow. With the finest imagination, this is the one thing he has taken out in finishing his picture. The background is exactly the same, but the water in front sweeps by without a single obstacle to mar its splendid strength and fury. Only one shattered fragment of wreckage beneath the screaming gulls indicates what may have been. The sense of danger and of irresistible movement is far better suggested by the fact that the river is deserted, and that the ships, tossing to and fro at anchorage, are all sheltered from the waves behind the lighthouse wall, on which a line of fishermen are leaning, looking out. This was first engraved by R. Brandard, who was especially successful with the background. It

is, after all, too much to ask of line-engraving that it should express the full sweep of Turner's brush in rendering waves. An important point to notice in that brushwork is the sudden flash of perpendicular white foam to the left of the picture. That represents a moment never painted—even if ever "seen"—before, the moment when the wave receding from the shore meets the following breaker, and bursts straight into the air at the point of contact. It was well worth abolishing everything else near it to record that phenomenon, and to give dignity to the rushing water near it. The removal of the wrecked boat also leaves the masts behind far less confused, and gives a full effect to that suggestion of troubled water in the distance which is so subtly given in their sway and poise behind the breakwater.

The third, and most important sketch of all, is that numbered 575 in the Second Room. It is placed rather low down, and I have therefore reproduced it in these pages to make comparison easier for my readers with the finished picture, that is here numbered 47. There is here far less difference to be remarked than in the former two instances selected; for it is chiefly the size of the work as adapted for engraving, and also the use of water-colour, which seem to have guided Turner in his final treatment. The organic composition of the picture has been fixed once for all in the delicate yet strong outlines of the first sketch in pen and pencil. All the buildings, all the main lines of hills and woods, are perfectly suggested and preserved. The necessity for making the oblong sketch (done on two leaves of an opened book of grey paper) a square picture, has pulled the composition together, and the only addition is the piece of stone terrace in the left hand of the foreground, which at once gives the effect of looking down upon the view which Turner seems to have loved from its sheer difficulty. He has it—and surmounts it—again in the extraordinary panorama of the looping Seine close to Les Andelys seen from behind the Château Gaillard. In the sketch here given it will be seen that the merest suggestion of how the figures should be placed is made. This is slightly more elaborated in the painting, but, of course, made far more precise in Mr. J. B. Allen's first engraving, in which the women are drawn as though admiring the landscape—a thing Turner did not draw, and is not very likely to have imagined.



TURNER'S FIRST SKETCH FOR THE "VIEW  
FROM THE TERRACE OF ST. GERMAIN."





But the clouds are excellently rendered on the steel. I have often wished that the engravers, if they had to elaborate in line the brush-work of architecture and other details, could have had the chance of seeing Turner's outlines as we have just been looking at them. Obviously, no one saw them during their artist's lifetime; and the result is that the engravers' architecture (at Rouen, for example) is sadly unsatisfactory. For France was rather too far for them to go to in search of the correct detail, and as they did not know the actual buildings, they have often completely misinterpreted Turner's colour. To those who do know the buildings, Turner's suggestion of them is quite sufficient, and that will be a small subsidiary point in favour of these reproductions; for the engravings are often a sheer annoyance in their elaborate and painstaking inaccuracy. They print numbers on the mainsail of a fishing-boat where Turner painted none. They misunderstand the flags upon his shipping, and make them maniac pocket-handkerchiefs. They see some women washing dogs (No. 54), a trade that still goes on by every quay in Paris, and they misread Turner's bad French sufficiently to call his picture of the Hôtel de Ville a "dog market," and print it so upon their plate. They will even insert an unnecessary omnibus on which to plant a figure that should be strolling down the road.

It may be as well to point out one of the worst instances of this at once, for though Turner was not Prout, he was not so deliberately wrong, or so deliberately unconscious of the charm of Gothic architecture, as his engravers make him out. No doubt his own studies—particularly his examination of Claude's work—inclined his mind to classical and Renaissance building. But he was never blind to Beauty, and he never failed to represent the special charm of any particular manifestation of Beauty anywhere; and I therefore feel justified in elaborating a little further what might otherwise seem a trivial consideration. The central spire of Rouen Cathedral in the picture I have numbered 38 is an interesting indication of the date when Turner was on the spot, for it was burnt by lightning in 1821, the very year that Turner was most probably on the spot, though he is hardly likely to have missed so grand an opportunity if he had seen the actual conflagration. In 1897 two men were still alive who saw it

burn—M. Noel, the Town Librarian; and le père Pepin, Janitor of the Town Belfry. They told me how all its gargoyles vomited molten lead, and the fire seemed to run about the roof until it fell in red and golden streams into the streets. That wooden spire was built by Robert Becquet, in 1544, and was replaced by the present cast-iron erection, which may be described as possessing half the height of the Eiffel Tower, with none of the excuses for the Colonne de Juillet, another work of its enlightened architect. But I fear that the engraver (R. Brandard) has given no just idea either of the old spire or of the new; and he cannot have realised that what Turner meant to represent was a bridge of boats in front of the stone arches in the distance. This same stone bridge is seen from the other side in No. 40, a view which the artist took from the bank of St. Sever, after he had gone on up-stream, and was looking back on Rouen. In this picture the architectural muddle into which W. Miller, its first engraver, was betrayed over the Cathedral, is little short of heart-rending for anyone to whom Turner's painting does no injustice to the memory of the facts, even though the painter, in his delightful passion for a sway of a ship's mast, has drawn the spire several feet out of the perpendicular, just as he has at Harfleur (No. 27). But, of course, the engraver has put that right for us. Mr. Miller's rendering of the alley of trees on the left of No. 40 is admirable, and it is difficult to imagine that a man who did the glorious view from St. Catherine's Hill so splendidly should have failed so often here. The stone bridge is one that crosses the Seine just where a little island fills the middle of the stream, very much as the old Ile de la Cité stands in the Seine at Paris, only far smaller. Though there is much more to say of the needless worry caused by the engravers of such pictures as those of Havre (25 and 26) and several others, I am glad to be able to close this little interlude about them with an echo of the general praise accorded to T. Higham for his rendering of the west front of Rouen Cathedral (No. 39), one of the finest plates of the century, as I am informed by one of their best connoisseurs. Yet, even here, the round Renaissance window of the Bureau des Finances in the left foreground has been wrongly altered by the line-work into some bastard kind of Gothic that is

wholly out of place. Modern Rouen has ended the difficulty by closing up that window altogether with the glaring advertisement of the shop beneath it. I suppose no better example could be given of the real effect of his early architectural training in detail upon a painter who grew more and more appreciative of the beauty of a general idea, for the intricacy of parts in this amazing water-colour painting is only equalled by the overwhelming grandeur and simplicity of the effect. This is no guide-book, so I will not be led away to explain my reasons further for admiring this picture very particularly. But it may be interesting to add that the old Cour des Comptes which Turner shows in the Parvis beyond the North Tower of the façade, is now entirely built over by a vast modern emporium, and that in 1897 I was with the artist who sketched the last remnant of what Turner saw. Judging from other examples, I am inclined to think that Turner did not correct all these prints of the Seine with his usual care. In the "Modern Italy," by William Miller, already mentioned, he adds on the margin of the proof a little sketch for the frieze of a temple, and advises a bit of stone in the foreground to be made "something like a Corinthian capital." So, also, in the "Gledhow," he makes a marginal sketch of a cottage roof; and in George Cooke's frontispiece to the "Antiquities of Pola," he indicates the architectural detail he prefers. Two of these examples occur after the Seine engravings; one, before them. It is difficult to believe he would have been indifferent to the errors indicated in this French work, had he quite realised them before their publication—for he must have felt how much English engraving owed to his encouragement ever since he had noticed the "depth, clearness, and well-laid lines" of the plates in the first volume of John Britten's "Architectural Antiquities" (1807), and from then onwards produced and formed a school of engravers of his own.

Looking at this superb series of paintings as they are here arranged, it becomes possible to enter a little more fully into the impression which the Seine really made on Turner. We see, with him, the lighthouses that were his first glimpse of France (24), and then wait, with his boat, in front of the round tower of Francis I. (25) while the tug moves out of our way into the darkening harbour. The hour is

fairly fixed by the light burning on the pier-head, while the streets are still filled with the twilight of a glorious evening sky. We stay the day in Havre, not without excursions in the neighbourhood, and the next afternoon we watch the sinking sun again inside what must then have been—and still often is—the most interesting and busy port in Europe. The faint, transparent cirri look blue on the blue sky behind them, except when the sunshine penetrates them, and changes them to flat forms of light upon its path, not solid enough either to reflect, or to glow upon their edges. The Honfleur boat is just leaving, and on the right foreground of the picture you may see her getting up steam from her tall narrow funnel. It might be well to get aboard and finish our sketch another day. But we must see Harfleur first (No. 27), in all the wreckage of her departed glory—departed river too, for there is scarce a puddle of water left among the sandbanks, which are strewn with skeleton boats, and the refuse of the shrunken Lézarde. Enough water there is, though, for delicate reflections of the burning hulk; and enough air for that slanting, jewel-like spire to shine above the town.

It is indeed a monument of faded ambitions and dead dreams, for on those withered streams the English fleet once lay at anchor when the town was taken in the year of Agincourt, and it was our Henry the Fifth who built that church while the English were in occupation between 1415 and 1440. Turner saw it just five years after Waterloo.

Honfleur looks more prosperous on the left of the estuary, beneath the hills of Notre Dame de Grace, which slope so grandly down from the left of the picture (No. 28) into the distance, to which the eye moves easily past the huge sandbanks of the lake that is the Seine as far as Quillebœuf. The little white touch of a sail on the water to the right shows us how far it really is. Past Quillebœuf is the little hamlet of Lillebonne, the Julia Bona of the Romans (No. 30), where many a conclave of the Norman knights was held before England was taken in Duke William's great crusade; a place, too, where the Romans left a theatre that must be painted. These are the rugged hewn stones in the foreground of No. 31, a picture of ruins in the moonlight, with the old fortress still dominant above the scattered hamlet, and a regiment of soldiers marching through the quiet



street. Though nearly forty-six, Turner can climb a hill with anyone, and he was up above the castle of Tancarville the next morning, to see what he loved most, the river winding below him in the distance (No. 32) between Tancarville and Quillebœuf. That is a castle that must be looked at closer; and behold, from the river it looks a different building altogether (No. 33). That matters nothing; it shall be painted differently, and your antiquarian critics may reconcile it how they please. The western sun, and the deep water underneath the castle cliffs, are what attract us most; and so, a little farther, breaks into view a scene that must not only be painted straightway, but shall stay in mind and heart till it is immortalised, as the "Fighting Téméraire," many years later (exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1839). Here is a sailing-boat being brought down from Villequier by a steam-tug. The old and the new life. The light upon the sails; the black clouds of the smoke-stack; water beneath, and sky above—a glorious picture, with a shallow shore in the foreground (No. 34), and the deep heart of the current under the hills that slope down to the right.

At Jumièges there is the same contrast. Amidst a breeze of sunlit rain, the evanescent light flashes upon the fairy spectre of an ancient abbey (No. 36), the abbey that was founded scarce seven centuries after Christ was born, and that held the heart of Agnes Sorel safe until the Reign of Terror. The steamer just vanishing may stand for the red years and the black ruin of the Revolution. A little boat filled with brilliant figures dances across the foreground. On the surface of the water you can see the ripples that the steamboat's paddles cause, painted so that you can realise the flowing of the river upon which they rise, and the floating of the boat it bears. Near Duclair we shall see a very different agitation of the water. For here a sudden thunderstorm sweeps down between the hills, and in the jagged flashes of the lightning Gargantua's Chair (No. 37) shines bright against the wooded mountains. See how the little boats are hurrying to their moorings, and how the sails are heeling over to the sudden breeze that leaves the river underneath the hills quite calm. And so to Rouen, where there are good inns, and several days may be spent comfortably till the diligence starts across the plain to Pont de l'Arche.

We must draw that diligence as it drives down towards the river, on its way to cross the bridge (No. 41) and to mount over the post-road where the gap shows in the distant line of mountains just beneath the sun. We have driven not much more than fifteen miles to get here, though the river winds through three-and-thirty between this and Rouen. Just behind the trees—those trees of France that Turner loved and painted with so exquisite a sympathy—we can see the golden haze round the misty sun, and the flowing light upon the distant Seine.

So flat a prospect makes us long for hills again. So, when the heights of Château Gaillard come into view, we climb them and look down upon Les Andelys. Close by that tiny church-spire, far below us, Nicolas Poussin was born. Imagine Poussin painting what Turner chooses now! This panorama of the peninsula of Bernières, with King Richard's "Saucy Castle" set like an arrow drawn to the head at the very bend of the long bow of the Seine. What amazing difficulties in that far-off perspective! They must be faced, and they are conquered. The Castle itself must be looked at from beneath. It is; and it grows into the vignette that ends our journey, a typical remembrance of the Seine. At Vernon there is more of the subtle movement that interests us in the near surface of the water (No. 43). Here are mills set upon the bridge, and as we go down stream the ripples of the water wheels come down to us upon the surface in the sunlight, though elsewhere the river shines serene. The post-road, too, by the Seine-bank has a beauty of its own. On our way from Vernon to Mantes (No. 44) we are glad indeed to find a table dressed and ready in the late afternoon, beneath the trees that shade the highway. This is good enough to wait for. The diligence may roll on its dusty way. We will sit down and watch the quiet village street that looks out upon the river, which winds so far from us into the distance of the West. Here are carts, and stables, and a hooded waggon, and plenty of quiet country life to amuse us, and exquisite trees to draw. It seems almost a pity to go on to Mantes.

"Mantes la Jolie" (No. 45) they call the town; and the great towers of the Cathedral, that is like a miniature copy of the great Notre Dame in Paris, rise proudly above a tiny city, that can have

scarcely had more than six thousand inhabitants when Turner saw it. But its inhabitants, if few, are merry and busy enough. The men are hauling nets. The women are washing. And the girls look on and laugh while the local sceptic lifts a fish to weigh it in his hand. So we pass upwards, above the Bridge of Meulan (No. 46), where a rainbow kindly spreads its colours just where it is wanted, until we reach St. Germain, and approach the heart of France, past the sepulchre of her kings, St. Denis. Even at night the busy river-life goes on here; though above the quiet dead, deep in their royal vaults, "the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted among the barred clouds" solemnly towards the zenith. The grandeur of the sky seems a token of the great city that is coming. By the Lantern of St. Cloud Paris has poured out the last far-reaching ripple of her holiday populace, her soldiers and her tradesmen's daughters, a prosy, crowded foreground. But beyond them the Seine, "the river of Dreams," floats past Mont Valerien to the "Ville Lumière." Many a time we must stop and sketch as the river winds to and fro with an elaborate coquetry of fond display before it is engulfed in Paris.

From the frequent bridge,  
Like emblems of Infinity  
The trenchèd waters run from sky to sky.

Bridges of St. Cloud, bridges of Sèvres, the Barrier of Passy (52); we pass them all at last, and come before the Pont Neuf, with those splendid bastions of stone that must be drawn nearly thrice their real size to give some slight notion of our huge delight in them. The buildings of the ancient Cité crowd together on the point of the old island, and above them rise the towers of Notre Dame. This must be all studied from a nearer vantage. Here is what they call a "Pompe" by the Bridge of the old Hôtel de Ville (No. 54), an intricate wooden scaffolding through which the water flows, and a tower, with two wings, lifted above the stream. Much amusement to be found, as usual, in the foreground—women washing French poodles; stalls of fruit beneath their awnings and umbrellas; families leaning from a first-floor balcony to greet their friends outside; and so, with one more look at the Flower Market, over which loom the

towers of the Conciergerie (55), we pass on from Paris to scenes that seem to suit our traveller's brush a little better—to Melun, twenty-eight miles higher up the Seine, the first of the thirty-five days' journey in a chaise and four to Rome. There is something Italian about the sky and the blue distances of Melun (56); but the French cathedral towns are unmistakable; nothing but Gothic, and Gothic of the Ile de France, can make those massive outlines against the cloud. You shall see the same effect again at Troyes (57), where there are some lovely poplars close to the river side, and the housewives have come out in the cool of the evening after a hot day that leaves its haze above the river. In that church our English Harry married French Katharine, and his crown is there unto this day. A good memory and a good thought to end our journey with. We have come up the river from its mouth, without a single soldier at our back, and all the valley lost since Harry of Monmouth's day is ours for ever. The Seine and the beauty of the Seine are Turner's; England's, while these pictures last.



IN the Paris Salon of 1827 the works of Corot, Constable, and Bonington were to be seen together; and the second of these artists had had a very striking success in the same

**CONCLUSIONS.** place three years before; very likely because his pictures strongly appealed to that sense of locality, of home, of clear ideas and lucid definition, which is innate in the Latin races.

"But I tell you they are elephants!" insisted Sardou to Dumas (fils), as the two Frenchmen looked at Turner's gondolas; and when the Italians saw Turner's "Regulus," his "Vision of Medea," his "Orvieto" in Rome, they were amazed that anyone should like them. The French were of the same opinion, and they have never changed it since. Neither in the Louvre nor even in any private gallery save one in Paris have I ever seen what was even called a Turner.

This is so curious a fact that it deserves some suggestion of a reason; and the French attitude may, to a certain extent, be not only defended, but explained by their right recognition of the kinship of all Art; of the fact that a picture—as such—cannot stand alone, cannot be antagonistic to the more intimate and less ambitious matters which make up that harmonious amenity of life of which your true Frenchman is so fascinating an exponent and apostle. They have never allowed themselves to be tyrannised over by the bourgeois ideals which may seem to be implied by these doctrines, as we were crushed in the era known chronologically as Early Victorian. They never could have produced anything so dull as much of English painting was at that time. So they hold to their doctrines without peril and without misunderstanding. They were, besides, I think, unfortunate in knowing Turner more in his oil-colour than in such masterpieces as are reproduced in this volume; and I shall have expressed myself very badly if my readers have not understood by now not only that Water-colour must be the supreme medium for the Landscape painter, but also that Turner's Water-colour

was immeasurably superior to his oils. It is by these latter only that the French seem to have judged him, and by his later oil-paintings at that. Their verdict, therefore, is not unnatural.

Even in 1828 honest Constable says: "They are only visions." But his kind heart is true to the ideal he felt. "Still," he adds, "they are Art, and one could live and die with such pictures." There is a charming passage, too, that Mr. C. J. Holmes has quoted from De Goncourt: "Une après midi passée devant les tableaux anglais de Groult, devant ces toiles génératrices de toute la peinture française de 1830 . . . il y a parmi ces toiles un Turner; un lac d'un bleuâtre éthéré, aux contours indéfinis, un lac lointain sous un coup de jour électrique, tout au bout de terrains fauves. Nom de Dieu! ça vous fait mépriser l'originalité de quelques-uns de nos peintres originaux d'aujourd'hui!" It will not, perhaps, be wrong to think of Claude Monet and his school in connection with these "peintres originaux." They refuse, I believe, at whatever sacrifice of delicate dignity, to mix their colours, for fear of losing freshness, and they match a complex tone by the juxtaposition of small touches of pure paint—an arpeggio, as it were, instead of the full chord. The simile is a suggestive one, for it was when Pater was pointing out that Music was the purest Art of all that he wrote: "The end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; they inhere in, and completely saturate each other." And this should be true of the highest Art in painting too.

To sacrifice Beauty to what you think is Truth has more of Optical Science than of Art. I shall not be misunderstood when I add that neither religion, nor intellect, nor morals, as such, are any better qualified to produce an artist. I have striven to avoid the technical language of the studio, thinking that for the studio alone it is appropriate, and that those countless ones to whom the artist speaks are not concerned with pigments or with easels, but with the finished whole. I have been equally anxious to avoid the suggestion that the morals of a painter or the religion of his admirer may have anything to do with our appreciation of the artistic product.

Turner rebelled against his medium in his later oil-paintings. He tortured it, and we can see its pain. It is dying on the canvas at this day;

and there will come a time when by his water-colours only will anyone in the world be able to see what he could do. Look back at Gainsborough for a moment, and see how happy he was to brush the paint upon the canvas, how directly he made use of Nature's immemorial channels for the pouring of his passionate impression from his own heart into ours. This was the link that Turner gradually broke as he grew older. His vision became a sense of several colour-spaces only. His love of Nature had been so intense that his Art now merged in her without a single bond of communication between his pictures and ourselves. They become sheer gleams of Beauty as she flashed, unclad and splendid, upon his fading eyes; and to another their full meaning must be ever veiled.

"Se tu sarai solo, tu sarai tutto tuo," wrote the Italian who was as lonely all his life as Turner, and as great. Genius must ever stand apart. We are all formed of the dust, yet into few is breathed that breath which makes a living soul. The appearance of such a soul in such a man as Turner must ever be the riddle that humanity will never guess till we are men no longer. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is everyone that is born of this spirit. And in Turner was the spirit of the world's first twilight, moving upon the face of the waters.





# CONTENTS.



PAGE.

|                    |   |
|--------------------|---|
| FOREWORD . . . . . | I |
|--------------------|---|

## THE ART OF PAINTING.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Art Criticism as affected by Theories of Darwin and Spencer.—Art, Nature, and Science.—The Human Senses.—Beauty and Art.—“Fitness Expressed.”—The Perfect Man.—The “Language” of Nature.—Imagination.—The Creative Faculty.—What the Artist has to say.—Impressions.—A Perfect Picture . . . | 4 |
|--|---|

## LANDSCAPE IN ART.

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Its Youth compared with Figure-Painting.—The Eleventh Century’s Doctrine and the Nineteenth Century’s Ideal.—Chinese Philosophy of Landscape.—Japanese Renaissance.—Hokusai and Hiroshige.—Homer.—Theories of Landscape Art.—Of Roads.—The Spirit of Place.—The Patterned Background.—The Van Eycks.—Dürer and Patinir.—Leonardo da Vinci.—Titian.—Claude le Lorrain.—Rembrandt.—Gainsborough’s Art.—Thomas Girtin.—The Human Figure.—The Perfect Treatment . . . . . | 17 |
|---|----|

## THE LIFE OF TURNER.

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Covent Garden.—The Skies of London.—The Golden City.—Sea and River.—“At Three Shillings.”—Dr. Munro’s House.—An Academy Student.—Walking Across England.—First Exhibits.—“R.A.”—Farnley Hall.—Petworth.—Poetry.—War and Art.—Serial Publications.—Water-colours.—Enormous Industry.—Some Sayings of Turner.—His Death.—His Burial . . . . . | 38 |
|---|----|

## THE HARBOURS AND RIVERS OF ENGLAND.

"Keep them Together."—The Turner Water-colour Rooms.—Treatment of Water and of Reflections.—The Boat.—Methods of Painting.—Superiority of Water-colours over Oils in Turner's Landscapes.—Ships of the Line.—Seagulls at Dover.—Turner and his Engravers.—Scarborough.—Norham Castle . . . . . 55

## THE RIVER SEINE.

Titles and arrangements.—Château Gaillard.—Ruskin's Industry.—Study for Caudebec.—The Tidal Wave.—Sketch for the Terrace of St. Germain.—Architecture at Rouen.—The Engravers and Turner.—The Steamtug and the "Téméraire."—Pont de l'Arche.—The Post Road from Vernon.—Paris.—Troyes . . . . . 66

CONCLUSIONS . . . . . 81

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF COLOUR PLATES.

|   | No. |
|---|-----|
| ARUNDEL CASTLE . . . . .  | 16  |
| ARUNDEL PARK . . . . .  | 17  |
| BEND OF THE SEINE AT LES ANDELYS, FROM CHÂTEAU GAILLARD . . . . . | 42  |
| BROUGHAM CASTLE . . . . .   | 21  |
| CAUDEBEC . . . . .  | 35  |
| CHÂTEAU GAILLARD, FROM THE FERRY OF PETIT ANDELYS . . . . .       | 58  |
| DARTMOUTH . . . . .   | 13  |
| DARTMOUTH CASTLE . . . . .  | 14  |
| DOVER . . . . .   | 3   |
| HARFLEUR . . . . .  | 27  |
| HAVRE, SUNSET IN THE PORT OF . . . . .                            | 26  |
| HAVRE, TOWER OF FRANCIS I. AT . . . . .                           | 25  |
| HÈVE, LIGHT TOWERS OF THE . . . . .                               | 24  |
| HONFLEUR . . . . .  | 28  |
| HUMBER, THE . . . . .   | 6   |
| JUMIÈGES . . . . .  | 36  |
| KIRKSTALL ABBEY . . . . .   | 19  |
| KIRKSTALL LOCK . . . . .  | 20  |
| LA CHAISE DE GARGANTUA, NEAR DUCLAIR . . . . .                    | 37  |
| LILLEBONNE . . . . .  | 30  |
| LILLEBONNE, ROMAN THEATRE AT . . . . .                            | 31  |
| MANTES . . . . .  | 45  |
| MEDWAY, THE . . . . .   | 4   |
| MELUN . . . . .   | 56  |
| MEULAN, THE BRIDGE OF . . . . .                                   | 46  |
| MORE PARK . . . . .   | 18  |
| NEWCASTLE . . . . .   | 22  |
| NORHAM CASTLE . . . . .   | 23  |
| NORTH SHIELDS . . . . .   | 7   |
| ORHAMPTON CASTLE . . . . .  | 15  |
| PARIS, FROM THE BARRIER OF PASSY . . . . .                        | 52  |

|   | No.    |
|---|--------|
| PARIS, THE FLOWER MARKET . . . . .                            | 55     |
| PARIS, THE "POMPE" AND THE OLD HÔTEL DE VILLE . . . . .       | 54     |
| PARIS, THE PONT NEUF . . . . .                                | 53     |
| PONT DE L'ARCHE . . . . .                                     | 41     |
| POST ROAD FROM VERNON TO MANTES, THE . . . . .                | 44     |
| PORTSMOUTH . . . . .  | 1      |
| QUILLEBEUF: THE TIDAL WAVE . . . . .                          | 29     |
| RAMSGATE . . . . .  | 5      |
| ROCHESTER . . . . .   | 10     |
| ROUEN CATHEDRAL: WEST FRONT . . . . .                         | 39     |
| ROUEN FROM ST. SEVER, LOOKING DOWN STREAM . . . . .           | 40     |
| ROUEN, LOOKING UP STREAM . . . . .                            | 38     |
| ST. CLOUD, THE BRIDGE OF, FROM SÈVRES . . . . .               | 50, 51 |
| ST. CLOUD, THE LANTERN OF . . . . .                           | 49     |
| ST. DENIS . . . . .   | 48     |
| SCARBOROUGH . . . . .   | 9      |
| SEINE, THE, BETWEEN TANCARVILLE AND QUILLEBEUF . . . . .      | 32     |
| SEINE, THE, FROM THE TERRACE OF ST. GERMAIN . . . . .         | 47     |
| SÈVRES AND ST. CLOUD, THE BRIDGES OF . . . . .                | 50     |
| SHEERNESS . . . . .   | 2      |
| STANGATE CREEK . . . . .                                      | 11     |
| STEAM TUG COMING DOWN FROM VILLEQUIER TO QUILLEBEUF . . . . . | 34     |
| TANCARVILLE, THE CASTLE OF . . . . .                          | 33     |
| TOTNES . . . . .  | 12     |
| TROYES . . . . .  | 57     |
| VERNON . . . . .  | 43     |
| WHITBY . . . . .  | 8      |

## OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

|  |                      |
|--|----------------------|
| J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., FROM THE PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF IN THE<br>NATIONAL GALLERY . . . . . | <i>Frontispiece</i>  |
| STUDY OF LEAVES, FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCH BY LEONARDO DA VINCI . . . . .                 | <i>To face p. 30</i> |
| A CLOUDBURST, FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCH BY LEONARDO DA VINCI . . . . .                    | 30                   |
| DOVER, FROM THOMAS LUPTON'S ENGRAVING OF TURNER'S WATER-COLOUR . . . . .                 | 64                   |
| TURNER'S FIRST SKETCH FOR THE "VIEW FROM THE TERRACE OF ST. GERMAIN" . . . . .           | 72                   |









PORTSMOUTH.  
HARBOURS OF ENGLAND. No. 1.







SHEERNESS.  
HARBOURS OF ENGLAND, No. 2.





DOVER.  
HARBOURS OF ENGLAND, No 3







THE MEDWAY.  
HARBOURS OF ENGLAND, No 4.





RAMSGATE.  
HARBOURS OF ENGLAND. No. 2







THE HUMBER.  
HARBOURS OF ENGLAND, NO. 6.





NORTH SHIELDS.  
HARBOURS OF ENGLAND, No. 7.







WHITBY.  
HARBOURS OF ENGLAND, No 8.





SCARBOROUGH.  
HARBOURS OF ENGLAND, No. 9.







ROCHESTER.  
RIVERS OF ENGLAND, No 10.





STANGATE ORLEK.  
RIVERS OF ENGLAND, No. 11

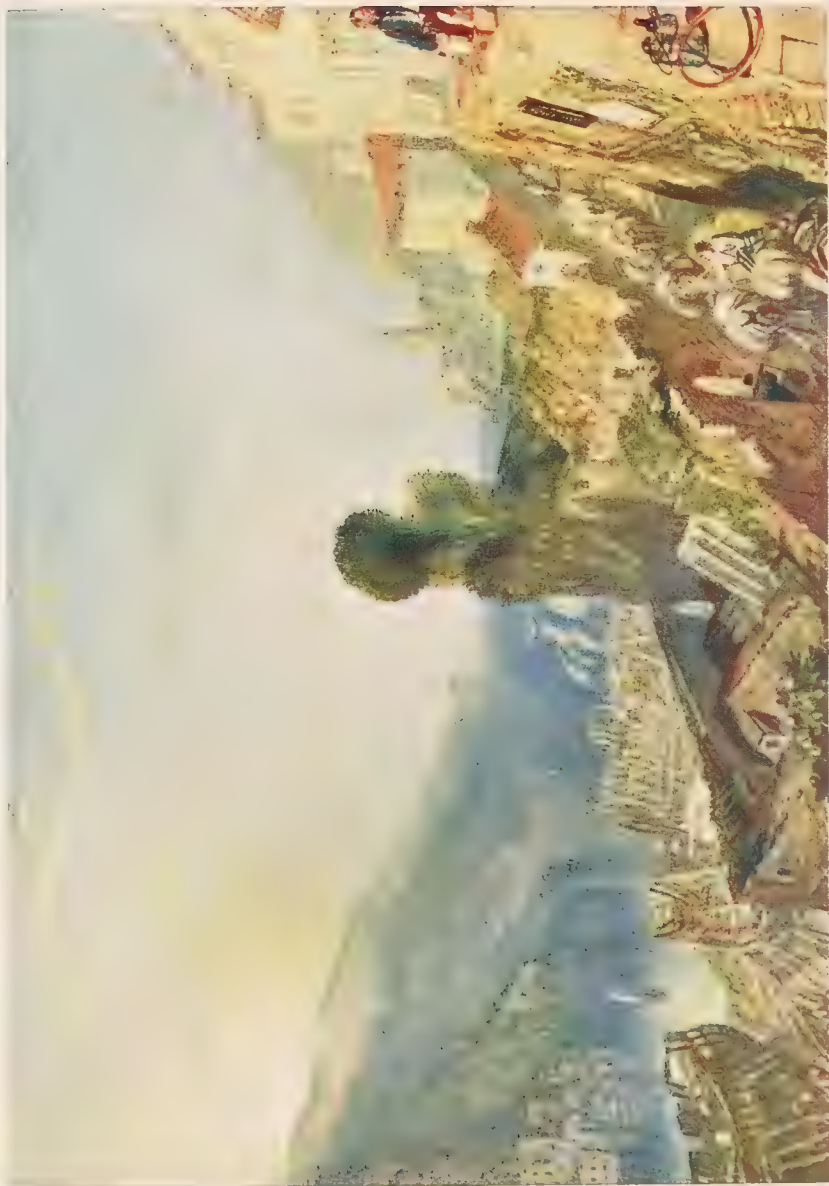






TOTNES.  
RIVERS OF ENGLAND. No. 12.





DARTMOUTH.  
RIVERS OF ENGLAND, No. 13







DARTMOUTH CASTLE.  
RIVERS OF ENGLAND, No 14.





OKEHAMPTON CASTLE.  
RIVERS OF ENGLAND, NO. 15.







ARUNDEL CASTLE.  
RIVERS OF ENGLAND, No. 16.





ARUNDEL PARK.  
RIVERS OF ENGLAND, No. 17.







MORE PARK.  
RIVERS OF ENGLAND. NO 18.





KIRKSTALL ABBEY.  
RIVERS OF ENGLAND, No. 19.







KIRKSTALL LOCK  
RIVERS OF ENGLAND, No. 20.





BROUGHAM CASTLE.  
RIVERS OF ENGLAND, No. 21.

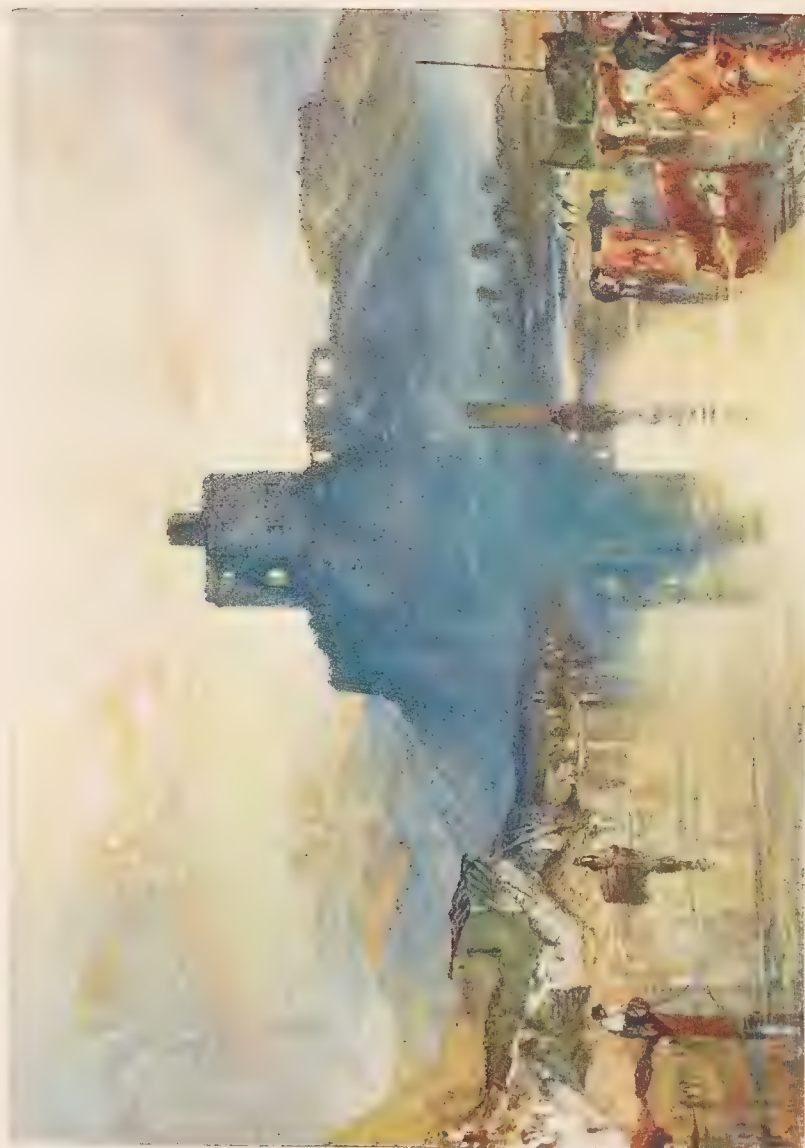






NEWCASTLE.  
RIVERS OF ENGLAND, No. 22.





NORHAM CASTLE.  
RIVERS OF ENGLAND, No. 23.







LIGHT-TOWERS OF THE HÈVE.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, No. 24.

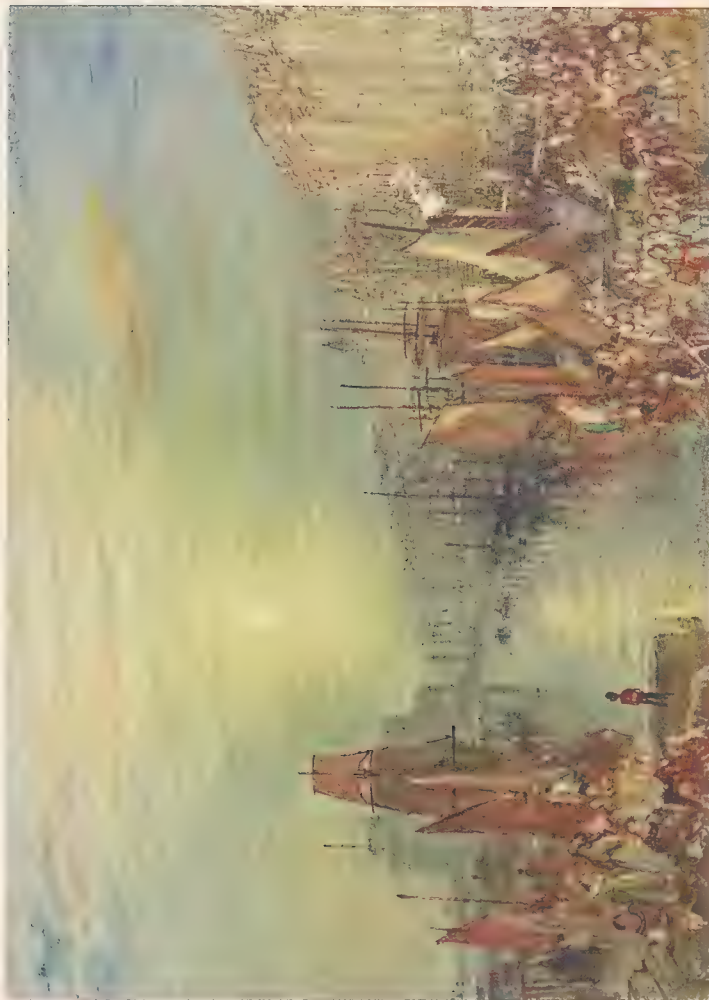




TOWER OF FRANCIS I. AT HAVRE.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, No. 25.







SUNSET IN THE PORT OF HAVRE.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, No. 28





HARFLEUR.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE; THE SEINE. No. 27.

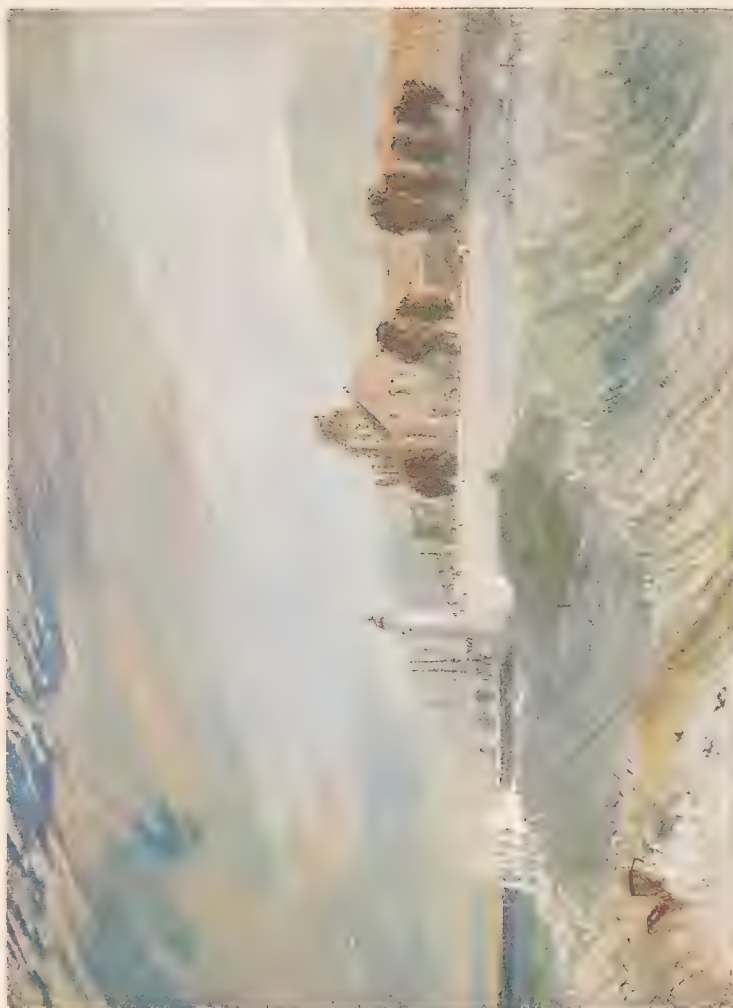






HONFLEUR.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE. NO. 25





QUILLEBEUF: THE TIDAL WAVE.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE. NO. 29







LILLEBONNE.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, No. 30.





ROMAN THEATRE AT LILLEBONNE  
RVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, No. 31.







THE SEINE BETWEEN TANCARVILLE  
AND QUILLEBEUF.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE; THE SEINE. NO. 32.





THE CASTLE OF TANCARVILLE.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE THE SEINE. No. 33.







STEAM-TUG COMING DOWN FROM  
VILLEQUIER TO QUILLEBEUF.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, No 84.





CAUDEBEC.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE. NO. 35.







JUMIÈGES.

RIVERS OF FRANCE. THE SEINE. NO. 36.





LA CHAISE DE GARGANTUA, NEAR DUCLAIR.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE; THE SEINE, No. 37







ROUEN. LOOKING UP STREAM.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, NO. 33.





ROUEN CATHEDRAL. WEST FRONT.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE. THE SEINE. No. 39.







ROUEN FROM ST. SEVER: LOOKING DOWN STREAM.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE. No. 40.





PONT DE L'ARCHE.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE. No. 41.







THE BEND OF THE SEINE AT LES ANDELYS.  
FROM CHÂTEAU GALLARD.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, No 42.





VERNON.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, No 43.







THE POST ROAD FROM VERNON TO MANTIES.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE. No. 44.





MANTES.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, No. 45







THE BRIDGE OF MEULAN.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, NO. 48.





THE SEINE, FROM THE TERRACE OF ST. GERMAIN.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE. NO. 47.







ST. DENIS.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE. NO. 46.





THE LANTERN OF ST. CLOUD.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE. NO. 49.





THE BRIDGES OF SÈVRES AND ST. CLOUD.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, No. 50.







THE BRIDGE OF ST. CLOUD FROM SÈVRES.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, No. 51.





PARIS FROM THE BARRIER OF PASSY.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, No. 52

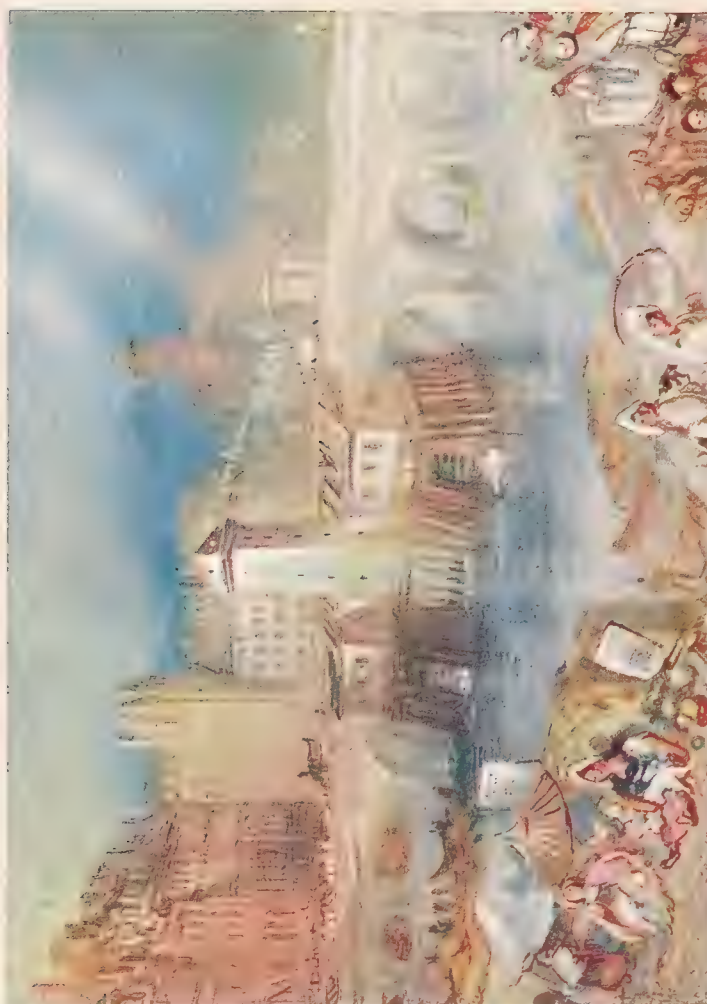






THE PONT NEUF, PARIS.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE. No. 53.





THE "POMPE" AND THE OLD HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, No. 54.





THE FLOWER MARKET, PARIS.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, No. 55.







MELUN.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE: THE SEINE, NO. 56.





TROYES.  
RIVERS OF FRANCE : THE SEINE, No. 57.







CHÂTEAU GAILLARD, FROM THE FERRY OF PETIT ANDELYS.

RIVERS OF FRANCE - THE SEINE. NO. 58.



van Amstel

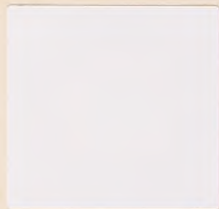






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